

New York Saturday Evening Post A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1876, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. VII.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, \$3.00.
Two copies, one year, \$5.00.

No. 342.



"Then heed my warning. Farewell!"

THE PHANTOM SPY; OR, The Pilot of the Prairie.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. WILLIAM F. CODY),
Author of "Deadly Eye," "The Prairie Rover," "Kansas King," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.
THE PHANTOM SPY.

"DEVILS alive! Is the man mad?"

"I guess not; Prairie Pilot ain't no man to go mad; he sees somethin' as he's goin' to run down."

"You bet! The Pilot's on a trail; but, what in tarnation is it?"

As the third speaker spoke, there suddenly dashed out of the shadow of the timber into the broad moonlight, a horseman, who, with a deep-toned "hoop-la!" urged his steed into a full run out upon the rolling prairie, which spread for miles in his front.

The three speakers had been seated around a camp-fire, in the shelter of a *molti*, or "timber island," far out on the Western plains.

Their comrade, who had suddenly caused them to spring to their feet, and give vent to the conversation which opens this chapter, had been pacing to and fro in moody silence, a few yards from the fire, like a sentinel on guard, and at every turn in his walk he would hesitate momentarily, and glance far out over the moonlit prairie, as if on the alert for approaching danger.

Suddenly, with a half-cry, as though of alarm, he had bounded toward where stood his steed, ready saddled, and the next moment, without a word to his companions, had shot forth upon the prairie like an arrow from the bow.

"Ho, fellers! better git onto yer pins, for there's somethin' in the wind when yer see Prairie Pilot strike a trail like that," cried Yankee Sam, who, with his two companions, Bravo Bob and Scalp-lock Dave, had been quietly smoking around the camp-fire, and telling stories of desperate adventure they had known in their wild and reckless lives.

At the call of Yankee Sam a score of men sprang to their feet and grasped their fire-arms, and instantly the encampment was a scene of excitement.

Well, I'm after the Pilot, for he sha'n't play a lone hand if there's any danger ahead," and Bravo Bob started for his horse, when a loud cry from Scalp-lock Dave caused him to come to a sudden halt.

"Holy Halifax! look a-yonder!"

Every eye was turned out upon the prairie, and like one voice a dozen exclaimed:

"The Phantom Spy!"

Far out upon the prairie, and plainly visible in the broad moonlight, was what appeared to be a speckled horse and rider, for the steed was as white as snow, and with a long flowing mane and tail.

The rider on his back was dressed in the loose robe of a woman, for it fluttered only upon one side of the animal, as he sped along swiftly over the prairie.

A long, white veil floated far out behind, and apparently encircled the rider's head like a turban, while motionless in the saddle, if saddle there was on the horse, she seemed to urge her steed on by a mere exertion of her will.

Behind the phantom-looking horse and rider, and some hundred lengths away, rode the man whom his comrades called Prairie Pilot, and who had so suddenly dashed from the timber.

That he was urging his horse to the utmost, was evident; and, though mounted upon the swiftest steed on the plains, that he was not gaining upon the phantom horse and rider was also evident.

At their disappearance a sigh of relief seemed to come from scouts, traders and teamsters alike, for weird stories were told of the Phantom Spy, the white horse and rider, which, when once found on the trail of a wagon-train, was certain to bring bloodshed and ruin upon it before it reached the destination for which it was moving.

All in that train had heard of the Phantom

Spy, and all felt a superstitious awe at the mere mention of the name.

Only the night before, around the camp-fire, the weird steed and rider had been the subject of conversation, and Prairie Pilot, the chief guide and scout of the traders' train, wending his way toward the frontier settlements, had declared that he would follow the phantom to the bitter end.

He knew Prairie Pilot to be one of the most daring scouts on the plains, and they felt that he would keep his word if he went to his own death in the attempt to solve the mystery.

"I guess as how you'll let the Pilot play a lone hand now, Bravo Bob?" said Scalp-lock Dave, as the young man paused, when the Phantom Spy was discovered to be the same of the man who had won the *sobriquet* of Prairie Pilot, on account of his perfect knowledge of the prairies and mountains of the West.

"I thought you knew me better than that, Dave," said the young man, whose reckless nature had caused his companions to dub him Bravo Bob, for there were few things that the handsome and youthful scout dare not do.

A moment after Bravo Bob also dashed out upon the trail of the Prairie Pilot and the Phantom Spy.

"Wal, them as want ter kin go a-trailin' arter sprets and spooks; but, as for Dave Dorsay, he wants to save the leetle ha' he has," and Scalp-lock Dave tenderly ran his fingers through the bunch of hair growing upon the top of his head, looking like an island in a lake, with the rest of his skull perfectly bald.

"I'm with yer, pard; I ain't no hunter for ghosties, and I ain't lost no spook nor spret, so I ain't a-lookin' fer none."

"The Pilot hired us fur hunters across the plains, an' it's our dooty to stand by this heur train 'til it gits whar it's a-goin'; so as the Pilot and Bob's off on the trail of a spret gal, why, we's jist got to do double dooty, an' I'm of opinion we'd better set a watch an' turn in." This opinion of Yankee Sam seemed to meet

with general assent from the traders and teamsters, and after a guard was set, they all returned to their blankets; yet, strive as they would, their dreams would turn upon the two daring men who had gone forth in pursuit of the Phantom Spy.

CHAPTER II.
RUN DOWN.

LIKE the厉 wind the Phantom Spy and the Prairie Pilot were borne over the prairie by their fleet steeds, the pursued steadily gaining upon the pursuer.

"Come, Racer, you must mend your pace, or yonder fleet animal will run you out of sight," cried Prairie Pilot, and encouraged by his master's voice, the noble steed bounded forward with renewed exertion, and steadily began to gain upon the phantom horse and rider.

Presently the white form turned and glanced behind, as though hearing the nearer approach of the pursuer, and at once a ghostly-looking arm was seen to rise and fall in quick succession several times, and the sound of a sharp blow each time reached the ears of Prairie Pilot, who exclaimed:

"They are human, Racer, and you are driving the Phantom hard. On, on, old fel-low, and we will yet solve the mystery!"

With tremendous exertions both steeds then rushed on, at an almost incredible pace, and Bravo Bob, nearly a mile in their rear, felt that he was being distanced, although his horse was remarkably swift and possessed good bottom.

In vain did the flying, snow-white steed strain every muscle; sharp and quick fell the blows of the whip to urge him on; but to no avail, for Racer's blood was up, and the cruel spur was kept constantly urging him on. The Prairie Pilot felt that the game was in his own hands, and a gleam of pleasure flashed in his dark eyes, for he felt that he was about to

solve the mystery of that so-called phantom horse and rider, which, for three years, had eluded all pursuit, and had become a terror upon the prairies.

Who or what it could be, none knew; but certain it was, that when a party of scouts, or hunters, a wagon-train, or settlement on the border, beheld the weird horse and rider, ruin and bloodshed were sure to follow, until the apparition had been called the Phantom Spy, even dogging the steps of those where booty was to be gained.

Regarding the strange steed and rider, which he kept to himself, and twice before he had seen and chased the apparition, but without result in his favor, as he was not then mounted upon his matchless Racer, the fleetest steed on the plains.

Now it was different, for Racer was in superb condition, and he determined to overtake the fugitive if he drove his own noble animal to death.

True, he could have ended the chase sooner, perhaps, by resorting to his rifle; but he would not fire upon a woman. No, he must depend upon Racer.

And nobly did the fleet animal respond to his master's urging, and foot by foot drew nearer the chase, until only a score of lengths separated them.

Then, suddenly, the white steed went down, and his rider was thrown thirty feet in front, and lay white and motionless, as though dead, while the animal sprung nimbly to his feet, unburdened by his fall on the soft prairie sward.

With an iron hand Prairie Pilot drew Racer back upon his haunches, and springing to the ground, rushed to the side of the fallen rider.

"Yes, it is a woman—nay, a mere girl. I hope she is not dead," he cried, earnestly, at the same time laying his hand over her breast.

"No, she is merely stunned; I can soon revive her," and unslinging his canteen from his saddle, he began to bathe her face and hands, at the same time gazing in admiration upon her.

"How beautiful she is, and scarcely over sixteen! Who can she be?"

Indeed she was beautiful, with her wealth of brown hair, and graceful, delicate form, clad in a robe of pure white, worn loose and flowing, as if the better to keep up the weird character she played.

The face was lovely, bronzed by exposure, and every feature perfect, while the eyelids were fringed with the longest dark lashes; the feet were small, and incased in white canvas boots; upon her tiny hands she wore buck-skin gloves, and her head was encircled by a white veil of lightest material.

A moment or two Prairie Pilot rubbed her hands briskly, and bathed her face; then the eyes slowly opened and rested with a stare upon the man who bent over her.

"You have run me down, sir, at last," she said, in a stern voice for a girl, and in a tone of sarcasm.

"I regret your fall, Miss. I hope you are not hurt," replied Prairie Pilot, politely.

"I was merely stunned—ha! there's Specter, and unhurt," and rising quickly, she called to her steed, which, with a low neigh, trotted to her side.

Gently she patted the faithful animal, and then abruptly turning to the man before her, she said:

"Who are you, sir?"

"Men call me the Prairie Pilot," quietly responded the scout.

The girl started, her face flushed in the bright moonlight, and her lustrous, dark-blue eyes turned full upon her captor, and there was admiration in the glance, for he was six feet tall, as straight as a lance, and with a form denoting great strength and activity, while his every motion was graceful.

He was clad in a handsome suit of dressed buck-skin, skillfully worked with beads and quills; his fringed leggings were stuck in the tops of cavalry boots, the heels of which were armed with huge silver spurs of the Mexican pattern.

His face was shaded by a broad sombrero, encircled by a silver cord, and a heavy, silken beard, of dark brown, concealed his lower features and fell down to his belt; but the face was exceedingly handsome—the brow broad and high, and the eyes bright, full of intense feeling, and fearless, while the expressions resting thereon were courage and stern determination.

His hair, the same color as his beard, was wavy, and hung far down his back, giving him a rather dashing appearance.

A repeating rifle hung at his back, and in his belt were three revolvers and a large Bowie knife.

From the handsome man before her, the maiden's eyes turned upon the splendid animal, quietly cropping the short prairie grass, and patiently awaiting his master. A fine steed she never saw, with his long, gaunt body, muscular limbs, glossy black hide, arching neck and small head.

Brightly glittered the moonlight upon the silver-bespangled Mexican saddle and bridle, and the young girl observed that the rifle, revolvers and knife of the scout were mounted with the same precious metal.

Often before she had heard of the Prairie Pilot, a man who had passed half a score of years upon the border, and coming from none knew where.

His name none knew, other than that men called him Prairie Pilot, scout, guide, and hunter, and in an encounter those who knew him shunned him.

"I have heard of the man they call Prairie Pilot. I feel my capture less keenly, when I know who it is that has taken me," said the young girl, after a quick but careful scrutiny of horse and rider.

"You are complimentary, Miss; but may I ask who is my fair prisoner?"

"Like yourself, I have a name given me on the plains; I am called the Phantom Spy."

"That I knew. It was to solve the mystery of your masquerade I followed you."

"And now that you have run me down, what is your intention regarding me?"

"To release you, upon one condition—"

"And that is—?"

"I have noticed that after you are discovered upon the trail of a train, a band of robbers, under the lead of the Hermit Chief, invariably make an attack: are you their spy?"

"You had a condition, I believe, for my release," evasively replied the girl.

"Yes; promise me that you will not report the train from which I chased you, and you shall go free."

"If I refuse to promise—what then?"

"I will see that you do not, by retaining you as prisoner."

"I will promise you in good faith."

"Very well. Can I aid you to mount?"

"No," and with a bound the girl was on the back of her steed, when she continued:

"I thank you, Prairie Pilot, and before I go I will give you a word of warning: keep away from yonder range of hills, for men live there who seek your life."

"I know it; there dwells the Hermit Chief and his band."

"Then heed my warning. Farewell."

With a word to her steed, the animal bounded away, heading in the direction of a range of hills, some six miles distant, and behind which the moon was slowly sinking from sight, and leaving the prairie in gloom and darkness, with the Prairie Pilot standing erect and motionless, gazing after the rapidly-receding form of the weird-looking horse and rider.

CHAPTER III.

BRAYO BOB'S ADVENTURE.

WHEN morning broke over the prairie the encampment was astir, and Yankee Sam eagerly scanned the landscape for some sign of Prairie Pilot or Bravo Bob.

But, nothing was visible, far or near, and preparations for breakfast were carried briskly on, for it was the intention of the traders to push rapidly ahead under the guidance of Yankee Sam and Scalp-lock Dave, though they greatly regretted the absence of Prairie Pilot and his right-hand man, Bravo Bob.

Suddenly Scalp-lock Dave uttered a cry of pleasure, and over a roll of the prairie were visible two horsemen approaching the *motte* at a rapid gallop.

"The Pilot and Bob," cried several voices.

"Hold on, fellers; you is only half right. Yes, yonder comes Bravo Bob, but it ain't the Pilot with him, but another feller; an' he's a prizner, too, or my name isn't Sam Sloan."

The truth of Yankee Sam's remark was at once evident, for one of the riders was recognized now by all as Bravo Bob, while the other was a much smaller man than the Pilot, and had a short black beard, while his hands seemed tied behind him, and his horse was led by the scout.

A few moments more and the two horsemen darted up and were welcomed with a loud shout, to which Bravo Bob responded with a wild war whoop that made the echoes ring through the timber.

"Well, ole hoss, what hev yer to tell us?" cried Scalp-lock Dave, eagerly.

"Considerable, comrades; but first, take this robber and tie him to yonder tree, until we have time to set on his case," and then changing his manner into the frontier way of speaking, which he often used, Bravo Bob continued:

"Yer see, I follered close onto the trail of the Phantom and the Pilot—as close as I c'uld; but the'r hosses fairly flew, an' I was left a long way behind; but I prest the trail hard, and arter an hour came up with traces of a tumble, so I got down an' searched the ground, and, bless yer, I seen what the Phantom's hoss had pitched into a prairie-dog hole, and tossed his rider a long way ahead.

"Wall, here is what the Pilot overhauled the Phantom, for ther was marks all round, and then the trail of the white hoss branched off toward the hills, and arter considerable trouble I found what the Pilot had circled round and ag'in struck the Phantom's trail, and followed it.

"Wall, I prest on, too, an' arter awhile the moon went down an' I couldn't see the trail, but I went on, an' suddenly heard a pistol-shot, an' then another, an' then one of the Pilot's war-cries.

"Then, you bet, I made ole Iron Heart git over the grass, an' I was a dashin' inter the timber when I run inter that varmint ag'in the tree.

"Wall, I clinched, an' arter a tumble to ther ground an' a long tussle I choked him still, an' tied him; then I caught his hoss an' waited for him to come to his senses.

"I hadn't long to wait, an' by some pointed argument, with my bowie, I got out of ther master's way, and as his assailants rushed upon him, they found that they had caught a Tartar, and only by their united strength, and by a most desperate struggle, were they enabled to securely bind their formidable prisoner.

The fire built by the scout had, in the mean time, blazed brightly up, and Prairie Pilot found himself the prisoner of half a score of as hard a looking set of villains as he had ever seen on the border.

A closer scrutiny of them, and he knew that he was in the hands of the robber-band of the Hermit Chief, and that no mercy would be shown him as well knew, for often had he trailed one of the Bandit Brotherhood to his death, and fearlessly waged war against the bold renegades who spread terror along the frontier.

Presently a horseman rode up to the spot, and after a few words with several of the men, dismounted and approached the scout.

He was a man of striking appearance, clad in a suit consisting of buck-skin leggings, top-boots, a military coat, and Mexican sombrero, while he wore a sword, and a pair of revolvers in his belt.

His face was exceedingly handsome, with its bronzed skin, dark hair and mustache, and bright eyes; though there was a certain bold and reckless look stamped upon every feature.

His hair was worn long, and his mustache was curled up at either end, while his whole "make-up" was that of a border exquisite.

He seemed scarcely more than twenty years of age, and was well mounted upon a dark bay mustang, large, wiry and vicious-looking.

Prairie Pilot had before seen the man, and in several engagements had endeavored to cut short his career of crime, but Satan seemed to always look after his own, and the young bandit leader had escaped.

In this man the scout recognized the field chief of the bandits, Captain Ralph, the lieutenant of the Hermit Chief.

"Are you not the man they call Prairie Pilot?" asked Captain Ralph.

"I am; are you not the man they call Captain Ralph, the murderer and horse-thief?" coolly replied Prairie Pilot.

"Hold, Sir Scout, or I will cut you down where you stand," angrily cried the young bandit.

"Cutting throats is your trade, youngster."

"Do you dare me, and in my power, fellow?"

"You dare not unbind me and meet me as man to man, although men say you are no coward," sneeringly returned the scout.

For an instant Captain Ralph seemed about to strike the scout with his sword; but then, as if changing his mind, he sheathed his weapon, and said, quietly:

"Your pluck will be tried, sir, ere the Hermit Chief is done with you. Come, boys; lead him on to the stronghold, but blindfold him first. I suppose it would be useless to attempt to capture his horse. I would give a cool thousand for that animal."

"No, Captain Ralph, there are not horses enough in the band to run down that steed. Shall we take the prisoner at once to the chief?" asked one of the men, who seemed to be an under officer.

"No; father is not at all well, and I do not wish to disturb him. Put the prisoner in the cliff cave."

So saying, Captain Ralph rode away, and a few moments after Prairie Pilot was blindfolded, and then mounted upon a mustang, after which the party set off on a trail leading still further into the range of hills.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

A PRISONER.

WHEN Prairie Pilot saw the young girl disappear in the distance, he quickly mounted Racer and moved off at a rapid gallop toward the range of hills.

Then he came to a halt, dismounted, and said, in a low tone:

"Down! Racer!"

Instantly the intelligent animal dropped upon the ground and lay flat upon his side, the scout also throwing himself at full length upon the prairie.

Not long had he been in his recumbent position when there was heard the sound of hoof-strokes, and soon after the white horse and fair rider appeared in sight, riding in an easy canter toward the hills.

Without observing the scout and his horse, the maiden passed by within thirty yards of them, when a neigh from Specter caused her to quicken her pace, as though her flight and capture had made her nervous of danger.

Hardly had she been lost sight of in the moon when the white form just in sight, and knowing that he was invisible to her, in his dark clothes, Prairie Pilot continued on until the darkness grew deeper and deeper as they drew nearer the shadow of the hills, which now loomed boldly up, not half a mile distant.

As though perfectly acquainted with the surroundings, the maiden directed her course to the left, toward a bold and rugged hill, which terminated so abruptly upon the prairie that it formed a cliff.

Around the base of this precipitous hill the ghostly horse and rider wound, and were lost to the sight of the scout.

"It is certain that I cannot follow her further to-night, without making my presence known, so I had better go into camp in the foot-hills until the morning, and then strike her

trail, for I am determined to track out this den of robbers."

So saying, the scout rode in under the shadow of the hill, and finding a suitable and secluded gulch, in which to camp, he dismounted, and leaving the faithful Racer standing patiently awaiting, he moved around cautiously in search of some dried brush, for he was determined to have a warm supper after his hard ride.

He succeeded in finding some dry sticks, and had just kindled a small blaze, when there came a whirr through the air, a blow upon his head, and he was hurled backward several paces, his arms pinioned to his side by the noose of a ruffian.

Though thus taken at a disadvantage, Prairie Pilot managed to get his hand upon his revolver, and a tall form rushing toward him, fell dead, shot through the heart by the scout.

But before he could free himself from the noose, strong as he was, there flashed forth two shots from the dark underbrush, and Prairie Pilot staggered back and fell his full length upon the ground, while with discordant yells half a dozen dark forms bounded out from the cover that had concealed them.

"Ef I was like him whar'd we be?" muttered the old man, wistfully watching the boy miner as he continued his frantic search.

"Most like we would git to cuttin' of each other's' throats before sunset. At best we'd have thoughts for nothin' else but gold—jest keep on a-scratchin' for ontel we dropped down, clean tuckered out, or them 'tarnal cusses over yander sneak up an' fill our karkides fuller 'n a Ute's head is o'ice. That's what it'd end in. Mebbe 'twill, anyhow—he's so darned headstrong an' contrar' when he once gets set, that's most a much hope of ticklin' a snappin' Turkie between the shoulders ther's a straw, as movin' him! I'm most sorry we come—I am so!"

Little Volcano had eyes only for the gold. Indeed it was a sight to set wild far older and steeper heads than his. Truly the pla'er was a marvel of richness, were one to judge by the specimens already gathered.

Any other than a skilled miner might have passed over the spot scores of times and never suspected what riches he was treading under foot. You have read of placers where the gold lay in such marvelous quantities that the sun's rays were refracted with blinding brilliancy—where one could load it into a wagon with a scoop-shovel—provided one possessed those convenient accessories—and much more equally brilliant and truthful. Little Volcano was not so favored; his pla'er lacked all these glowing attributes—and perhaps 'twas just as well.

It is a "queer" sort of virgin gold that dazzles the eye—that lies all above ground, and still stranger soil in which the *real* gold will not hide itself, burrowing down until it is stopped by the clay or bed-rock.

In this case an old prospector would have been fairly pleased; the valley had been a water-course for ages untold, and at this point had made an abrupt turn against the base of a range. At the foot of this the soil was thin, composed first, of sand and gravel, mixed with earth; beneath this a few inches of black soil, resting upon hard, fine-grained clay. In this sand lay the bulk of the gold, unable to pass the dense clay. In some cases—though rarely—a nugget was exposed to view, where the soil was unusually thin, or something had torn up the ground.

Zimri Coon watched Little Volcano for some time, never noticed by the boy miner who tore up the ground and plowed over pieces of stone with his knife as furiously as at first, nearly every minute, unearthin' a nugget of greater or less value—sometimes chancin' upon a little nest where the precious bits of metal lay touching each other, until his pockets were crammed—then with a sigh the old man turned away. He at least had not forgotten the threatening danger—he knew that Sleepy George's party would not be long in making their appearance, and, once let them suspect the marvelous richness of this pla'er, they would hesitate at nothing in order to make its treasure their own.

"They ain't no use in thinkin' o' playin' sharp on 'em," muttered Zimri, thoughtfully.

"The boy is dead gone. The devil himself—hide, horns an' all—couldn't skeer him out o' this! He'll just keep on a-diggin' ontel he smells that powder a-burnin'—wuss luck! I'd like it, too—ef I dared let myself went—but I did I wouldn't know when to stop; then we would be gone, sure!"

He gazed keenly around. The scene was picturesque enough, but that wild beauty was not in his thoughts now. The towering hills and rocky crags, relieved by the dark-green shrubs and trees, lining each side of the valley, were not half so interesting now as the loose-lying bowlders lying along the hill's foot. A shrewd smile gradually lighted up his face as he nodded toward the perpendicular rock beyond Little Volcano.

"Right that's the place—I kin rig it up fit to fight a hull tribe. Them dormicks yender's jest the ticket. Ef the boy would only wake up to lead a feller a hand—but he won't ontel he's clean tuckered out an' had a snooze over it."

Though he believed there was an abundance of time, the old miner had learned prudence in his wanderings, and he at once set about the work he had planned, laboriously rolling heavy bowlders together so as to form a rude semicircle with the face of the cliff for a back. At first Little Volcano paid no attention to him, but then, as the old man paused, breathless over his exertion, the boy miner's better self was awakened, and he sprung to his friend's assistance.

</

from their covert. But even his tongue tired, and he relapsed into disgusted silence. Evidently the enemy were resolved to await the coming of day.

"They's no use in our both stayin' awake," at length said Zimri, to the boy miner. "Them cowardly rips don't mean to do nothin' more to-night, an' one pa' o' eyes kin do all the watchin' needful. You lay down for a couple o' hours, then I'll roust ye out an' try a snooze myself. No back talk—do as I tell ye."

It was a dreary watch, and more than once Zimri caught himself wishing for the day-dawn. The moon rolled steadily along, soon dipping beyond the western rock-range, throwing the little valley into deepest shadow, and though the stars twinkled brightly, their rays served only to render darkness visible—to increase the many shadows which seemed to be creeping here and there, each one taking the shape of a bloodthirsty enemy to the strained eyes of the watcher. A night vigil not soon to be forgotten, and with a sensation of profound relief Zimri Coon watched the growing light in the east.

Eagerly he peered out over the valley, for during the past hour, while the gloom was the deepest, he had heard the gamblers busy at work—and now he saw the result. Before him, distant some fifty yards, was a rude wall, or rather pile of rocks, thrown hastily together. Behind this rose a clump of bushes, and a scattering line of similar ones, under cover of which a creeping man could easily pass beyond rifle-shot of the rock fort, in case of need.

"You keep your word well, old man," said the boy miner, awakening with a yawn. "Why didn't you call me, as they said?"

"They'll be plumb time after all's done, little 'un. Take a squint out thar—looks like the cusses meant little old business, don't it? The pesky cowards mean to try the starvin'-out dodge. I rally believe it!" in disgust.

"Look at that body!" muttered Little Volcano, in a hoarse, strained voice. "Don't you recognize it?"

"Looks like—durned of 'tain't!" was the reply, after a moment's scrutiny. "He won't never steal no more chips."

"Laughing Dick! if she only knew!"

"Twasn't you did it, little 'un. I seed the warnin' drap when I pulled trigger. I didn't know him, then, but ef it'd bin broad day, he's the werry one I'd a' picked out. As for her—sposin' they wasn't no mistake in your seen'in them together—why, it jest saves her right fer consortin' with sech orn'ary trash."

"Look—they are showing a rag! 'Tisn't white, but I suppose it's meant for a flag of truce. Better answer!"

"Say, you fellers!" came a challenge, in a muffled, indistinct voice. "We want to have a talk."

"Who's hinderin' on ye, ye durn fool?"

"Promise not to shoot, and I'll come out where we can talk more comf'itably; honor bright, now."

"You can't come no brace game on me, laddy buck—not much! I wouldn't trust ye furder in you could sling a dead grizzly by the tail—which is mighty short grips. You kin speak your speech from under kiver; the fust inch o' hide I'll set 'leve to kiver a bullet-store! You struck the fust lick, an' now we're playin' fer keeps, you mind that," retorted Zimri, at his loophole.

"That's a lie! you shot me last night like a coward sneak in the bushes!" screamed Sleepy George, evidently fairly awake now, if never before.

"When I pull on a critter, he's dead meat, he is. Say yer say, or shut yer trap."

"That's easy said—short an' sweet," interrupted another voice, impatiently. "You have jumped our claim, hyar, ag'in' all diggers' law, an' when we tempt to git back our own, you pitch onto us from a' ambush an' shoot one o' us, dead. We've got the law on our side an' would be held clear in shootin' ye down like thieves an' murderers; but we're easy goin' critters. We don't want to be too hard on ye this time. Jist promise ye won't try to make no more rumpus, an' we'll let ye go free, takin' with ye what you dug yesterday. That's plain an' easy to understand. Now what ye goin' to do 'bout it?"

"Fust: every word you've spoken is a durned lie, 'cept what's true, an' that's a lie too! This is our claim. You never knowed o' this spot 'till you dogged us here. You watched us on'tel you thought you coched us nappin', then you tried to wipe us out—you burned the fust powder. We did make cold meat o' one o' you, an' stan' ready to serve the rest jist the same way. As fer skippin' out, that hain't our style. We own this place an' we mean to hold it, too. Thar—you've got your answer: how ye like it?"

"Better than you will in the end. All we've got to do is to take our time on'tel you've starved into good sense ag'in. You see we've got the deadwood on ye. We can send out fer bread an' water—but you caint. Jist ficker that up an' see how the sun comes out," chucked the miner.

A pistol shot replied—followed by a fierce curse. The keen eye of Little Volcano caught a glimpse of a red shirt through one of the rocks in the pile of stones, and instantly sent a bullet to feel its texture.

All parleying was now at an end. Several shots were interchanged, aim being taken at the little loopholes or cracks, but apparently without material success. And, knowing that a chance shot might end all, the besieged lay close while keeping a good lookout.

And so the day wore on, Zimri keeping his tongue well limbered with stinging taunts and jeers, seeking to madden the enemy into risking all upon one bold rush; but without success. Either they had some better plan in view, or they were too thick-skinned to be stung as he hoped.

The sun passed its meridian, and still no change. Zimri was fuming and boiling over, declaring that if this lasted much longer he would break cover and clean out the lot himself, when Little Volcano pointed down the valley. A body of horsemen could just be discerned, and they were plainly coming up the valley. It would be hard to tell whether the besieged were most pleased or alarmed. Even if the new comers should frighten the gamblers away—and from the stir among them it was plain that they also had made the discovery—the secret of the gold placer would no longer be theirs.

"Look! they mean business, whoever they are!" cried the boy miner, as the horsemen broke into a gallop.

"An' so do I!" grated Zimri, as his rifle cracked spitefully.

The gamblers had broken cover and were running at full speed toward the hills; but one would never reach them. Overtaken by the leaden missile, he plunged headlong forward, writhing in the throes of death.

"Hello!" shouted the foremost rider, in Spanish, as he dashed up. "Who are you—friends or foes?"

"That's fer you to say—if you be twenty to our one," undauntedly cried Zimri—but Little Volcano sprung forward.

"You should know my face, senor—"

With a glad cry Joaquin Murieta leaped from his horse and came forward, warmly greeting the boy miner. Zimri stood moodily by, while his comrade told the outlaw all that had occurred. Evidently he did not like the situation, and cast more than one anxious glance toward the rocks where the gamblers had disappeared.

"My men shall hunt them coyotes down—and then return here to help you secure your treasure," warmly cried the outlaw chief, motioning his men forward.

"No—there is no need of so much trouble. Now they have fled, my friend and I can manage very well," said the boy miner, a little coldly, for he, too, had not forgotten how his name had been coupled with the outlaw, already.

"Very well—Joaquin Murieta is not one to thrust his aid where 'tis not welcome," a little sharply said the outlaw. "Forward, men! hunt down those dogs—don't let one escape to tell of what they have seen!" and he leaped to his saddle and spurred away, followed by his band.

"Ef he kin only do it!" muttered Zimri. "Ef he only kin! But let one o' them cusses git back to Hard Luck, an' our chancie won't be wuth a rotten aig!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

JACK HAYES RAKES DOWN THE POT.

It is not difficult to imagine what intense chagrin must have been felt by such a man as Sheriff Hayes at the double escape of Joaquin Murieta from Hard Luck, the headquarters of a strong force of men organized expressly for the purpose of killing him and exterminating his band of cutthroats. A more deadly insult could not have been offered him. Until this, he had been deemed invincible; and though, as a rule, Jack Hayes was a quiet, unassuming man, he prided himself not a little upon this reputation. It was not to be expected, then, that he should quietly submit to this double insult, and the Hard Luckians knew that "the old man" meant business when he bade his company of Man-Hunters to prepare for a long and hard ride.

"Tain't none too soon, muther," said Arkansaw Jack to a chum, as they mustered before the Dew Drop Inn. "They say Cay'n Harry Love hev took the trail 'long o' some twenty old o' the boys he know'd in the greaser muss. Ef it's true, we've got to work right plent of we 'spect to finger any o' that head-money, you bet!"

Jack Gabriel led the way to Arroyo Cantura—the spot where he had had his first fight with Joaquin—but the game had flown, leaving no trail behind them, no sign save the coal ashes of their fire, the beaten ground where their tents had stood. Here and there the Man-Hunters rode—but it was like chasing a will o' the wisp. Information they had—too much of it, in fact. Nearly every man they met could tell them where Joaquin was likely to be found, and nimble tongues readily mapped out the course they were to follow—but the results were the same in each case: disappointment. The same in all, that is, but one. Four times they had been deceived by false information; the fifth time, after hearing all the dirty, greasy, tattered yet pompous and dignified Senor Don Something-or-other had to communicate, Jack Hayes nodded to Jack Gabriel, who coolly collared the Spaniard and unceremoniously seated him upon the cantle of his saddle. And when the end of the trail was reached, without sign of Murieta, the Man-Hunters rode quietly on the valley; but behind them, dangling from the limb of an oak tree, remained their guide.

"Now that the guardians of the placers were in bonds, Sleepy George and his chums were eager to go their way—but that was not to be. Jack Hayes had given his orders, and Gabriel meant to execute them at all hazards.

"You're goin' 'long o' us, back to town, my lad—them's the cap'n's orders, an' I'm goin' to see they're follered or bu'st somethin'. You've set this thing goin', an' now you've got to keep up yeur cend, or they'll be a funeral mighty quick—an' you'll be bust mourner, too," bluntly quoth Jack from Arkansaw.

Sleepy George knew his man, and so, making the best of a bad bargain, submitted. The back trail was taken up, and though the party were forced to travel slowly, Hard Luck was finally reached. Before entering town, Jack had a private word with the gamblers, stating that if each and every one of them were not promptly on hand whenever wanted, he would take it as a personal insult, and act accordingly.

Their arrival created an immense sensation in Hard Luck. Every one crowded around, eager to view the prisoners, and to learn for what crime they had been arrested. All this was bitter enough to Little Volcano, but doubly so was the sight of Mary Morton, a witness of his disgrace. After that he cared little for the rest, moving and looking more like an animated corpse than a活人.

They were placed in a stout log cabin, their arms all unbound, but stout handcuffs were substituted, though their legs were left free. The gold was unloaded and placed in the same building, Jack Gabriel insisting on their watching the whole affair, and obtaining their assurance that none of the gold was missing. Then he entered the prison with them, and the door was closed and secured.

"You see," he said, apologetically, "I'm held responsible for two fellers an' that gold, or I wouldn't think of tradin'. You kin jest play I ain't no more'n a log o' wood, an' I give my word I won't breathe one word o' anythin' I may hear in here. Ef that's anythin' you want as I kin git, jest spit it out, an' you shall hev it."

"I reckon they'll give me grub an' drink enough to keep from starvin'," said Zimri. "But of you will—what is it we're bring here fer, anyway?"

"Wal, it's only fa'r you should know, I reckon," replied Jack, contemplatively. "The fust charge is b'longin' to Joaquin's band—"

"A cussed he!" hotly cried Coon, his eyes glowing.

"In course it is—you'd be a blame fool for sayin' anythin' else," coolly returned Gabriel. "All you've got to do is to prove it, ye know. Then that's that gold yender. It's said you bounched the fellers as really owned it, shot two on 'em down from ambush, an' driv' 'em off—"

"You see," he said, apologetically, "I'm held responsible for two fellers an' that gold, or I wouldn't think of tradin'. You kin jest play I ain't no more'n a log o' wood, an' I give my word I won't breathe one word o' anythin' I may hear in here. Ef that's anythin' you want as I kin git, jest spit it out, an' you shall hev it."

"I reckon they'll give me grub an' drink enough to keep from starvin'," said Zimri.

"Soon's the boss comes home—an' that'll be to-morrow, I reckon. You'll be giv' a fa'r show before Judge Lynch," was the cool reply, as Gabriel lighted his pipe.

"He'll keep his word—we must give in, little 'un," hastily muttered Zimri, to the boy miner.

"I don't b'lieve they kin prove anythin' ag'in' us." Then adding aloud, as he stepped outside the rock fort: "You've got the bulge on us this time, boss. We'll take your word for giv' us a fa'r show an' no favor—it's all we ax."

"You shall have it—I give you my word. I really believe you two are square men, clean through, or I should have acted a little differently; I'm better on the act than on the talk," laughed the sheriff.

"An' Jack Hayes is the only man I'd give up to, without knowin' somethin' more o' his reasons than this. But see here, cap'n—we've made a strike here, an' though we hain't got our papers jest yet, it'd be mighty hard to lose our claim by havin' it jumped while we're in limbo under a mistake, now wouldn't it?"

"None of my men shall interfere, and if, after you have cleared yourselves—as I hope and trust you will—there are any interlopers, I will see that you have justice."

"Good enough! Then mebbe you'll take charge of a little dust what we've manidged to scrape together. I reckon that's enough to pay fer totin' it," and with a self-satisfied chuckle Zimri Coon unearthed their goodly store of gold.

The Man-Hunters crowded around with exclamations of wonder, envious looks and some black thoughts; but Sheriff Hayes held them under good control, and what he ordered was promptly obeyed. The gold was secured upon one horse, the prisoners mounted behind two of the men, and then Hayes addressed his men.

He said the two prisoners must be taken back to Hard Luck, and there closely guarded until his return; six men would be sufficient for that purpose. They were to be held responsible for the safety of both prisoners and gold. Himself and the main body were to press on in pursuit of Joaquin, who had passed through this valley only the evening previous. This said, the six men were drawn by lot, and the party divided, Arkansaw Jack being placed in charge of the captives.

It was evident that Jack Gabriel meant to run no unnecessary risk. His captives had already surrendered their arms; now he caused their arms to be bound firmly behind their backs, and as they were placed *en coupe*, a stout thong was passed around their waists, and that of the man behind whom they were seated.

"The time will come when you fellows will have to pay big for this," muttered Little Volcano, in a strained voice, but the Man-Hunters only laughed at the threat as they rode on, heading for their last night's camp, where they found the four men still awaiting their return.

It was a bitter blow to the prisoners, this meeting with Sleepy George and his comrades, and more than once they cursed their folly in not levitating while they had the chance, satisfying themselves with the moderate fortune they had already gathered.

Now that the guardians of the placers were in bonds, Sleepy George and his chums were eager to go their way—but that was not to be. Jack Hayes had given his orders, and Gabriel meant to execute them at all hazards.

"You're goin' 'long o' us, back to town, my lad—them's the cap'n's orders, an' I'm goin' to see they're follered or bu'st somethin'. You've set this thing goin', an' now you've got to keep up yeur cend, or they'll be a funeral mighty quick—an' you'll be bust mourner, too," bluntly quoth Jack from Arkansaw.

Sleepy George knew his man, and so, making the best of a bad bargain, submitted. The back trail was taken up, and though the party were forced to travel slowly, Hard Luck was finally reached. Before entering town, Jack had a private word with the gamblers, stating that if each and every one of them were not promptly on hand whenever wanted, he would take it as a personal insult, and act accordingly.

They were placed in a stout log cabin, their arms all unbound, but stout handcuffs were substituted, though their legs were left free. The gold was unloaded and placed in the same building, Jack Gabriel insisting on their watching the whole affair, and obtaining their assurance that none of the gold was missing. Then he entered the prison with them, and the door was closed and secured.

"You see," he said, apologetically, "I'm held responsible for two fellers an' that gold, or I wouldn't think of tradin'. You kin jest play I ain't no more'n a log o' wood, an' I give my word I won't breathe one word o' anythin' I may hear in here. Ef that's anythin' you want as I kin git, jest spit it out, an' you shall hev it."

"I reckon they'll give me grub an' drink enough to keep from starvin'," said Zimri.

"Soon's the boss comes home—an' that'll be to-morrow, I reckon. You'll be giv' a fa'r show before Judge Lynch," was the cool reply, as Gabriel lighted his pipe.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 335.)

No good man will willingly speak evil of another. If circumstances will compel him to accuse, he will show that he does so reluctantly, and for the sake of justice, and that he scorns the thought of self-gratification in such an act. If, therefore, any accusation appears to be grounded in a mean, wanton or malignant spirit; if the occasion to make it appear to be sought; if the accuser speak not to the face of the accused, but behind his back, then it may be set down as certain that at least the truth is distorted, and that, in all probability, it is corruptly falsified. For there a revengeful and malignant spirit is the truth cannot dwell. The angel will not abide with the demon. The common perception of this fact is the reason why slanders are so little credited and do so little harm.

"Halt there! You needn't mind 'bout comin' in no closer ontel you tell us what you want," was the sharp reply.

"Don't act the fool, old man," retorted Hayes, but nevertheless he drew rein as the dark muzzle of a rifle covered him. "You'll gain nothing by it. Even if we meant you—far more than we do—how could you help yourselves?"

"You wouldn't come no furder, an' a good chance o' your men wouldn't make the hull here—that much we kin do, anyway; But—what do we want, anyway?"

"We want you, Zimri Coon, and your partner—Little Volcano, as he calls himself.

"If you will learn in good time, if you don't know already. But I didn't come here to talk. If you surrender, quietly, I promise you fair treatment and a square trial. If you are foolhardy enough to resist, so much the worse for you both," coolly uttered the sheriff, riding leisurely forward, followed at a little distance by his men.

LONG AGO YEARS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

Where are the mates of sweet childhood?

Sweet childhood of poesy and glee;

The wildwood so hallowed to me!

We tried amid the gay flowers,

Gay flowers that witnessed a vow;

A

THE Saturday JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canada Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealers, or those prefer to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:
One copy, four months \$1.00
" " one year " 3.00
Two copies, one year 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at the expiration of a subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

TAKE NOTICE.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never enclose the currency, except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of remittance. Losses by mail will be most surely avoided if these directions are followed.

Communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to
BEADLE & ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

NEW STORIES COMING!

BY OLL COOMES AND JOS. E. BADGER, JR.
Very strong and characteristic.

Both of these noted romance-writers give their best work exclusively to the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

A SUPERB SOCIETY SERIAL

BY THE
CHARMING GRACE MORTIMER,
will soon make its appearance in our columns.
It is of striking power and deeply marked interest.

The serial by Buffalo Bill, commenced in this number, we received from his hands on the eve of his departure for the seat of Indian war in the Sioux country. It is his only "last story." Any story announced as such must be somebody else's work—not his, for he has not been heard from for weeks, save by the briefest dispatches.

Sunshine Papers.

Negative Selfishness.

There is no end to the evidences of the existence of positive selfishness in the world. Almost every member of the great human family seems to have some lurking element of it in his or her nature. The trait reveals itself, variously, in forms that invite censure and arouse disgust, and ways that are hardly discernible from real merit and praiseworthiness. Just the same, however, the motives, analyzed, would prove the existence of positive selfishness as a primary cause for both the censurable and evidently meritorious acts. It is set down as an established conclusion, which no person with an accepted reputation for sanity will think of disputing, that this trait is most deplorable and horrible, a continuously reproduced proof of the natural depravity of human nature gained through the fact that

"In Adam's fall,
We sinned all."

But is there any reason why we should accept established conclusions merely because they are such? Are we not entitled to reconsider such premises and improve upon them? And do you not maintain, with me, in the face of all the old foggies who argue to the contrary, that there are worse traits of character than positive selfishness—and that negative selfishness is one of them?

A pleasant day is charming. It becomes a perceptible force in the feelings of the most young and old and ill and sorrowful. And a stormy day is endurable. We accept the situation, and reconcile ourselves to it, and adapt personal circumstances and the state of the weather as best we can. But a gray, neutral day, which oppresses and disappoints us, yet which remains a cold, settled, existing disagreeableness, concerning which we can find no reasons for rebellion even while we grow dull, and morbid, and sad, under its sunshinelessness, is unendurable; is worse than deluges of rain and tempests of wind. If the sun shines we live happily in its brightness. If it storms we put away our Sunday garments that may be spoiled, and, prepared for storm, brave it. But when there is no brightness and no storm, we can neither be glad in the one, nor do our best in enduring gallantly the other, when we can only silently submit to the oppression of a chill neutrality, is not that the time when the physical and moral elements of our nature suffer most? Is not that the time when aches and ill-tempers commit remorseless depredations upon even the most healthy bodies and pious dispositions? Are not those days which suggest vague speculations as to whether if by any possibility a gray sky could shroud paradise regions for a cycle of time, angelicalness could stand the test?

And what a neutral day is to the atmospheric conditions that influence our nature is negative selfishness to the moral conditions that make up our lives. Positive selfishness we can discern, and, well prepared against, can meet and endure; at least our finer sensibilities we can protect from its dampening influence, as we do our Sunday garments from the storm. But the penetrative chill of negative selfishness entering into the wool of many a life slowly but surely tones down its bright hues to cold grayness; transforms youthful glow and enthusiasm into morbidity and cynicism.

Instances of this negative selfishness and its influence upon young lives must be familiar to us all. Who has not known young men whose wills have been gradually subverted to the negative selfishness of a parent or parents, in matters of creed, of profession of love, and whose lives, as a consequence, proved almost utter failures—or, if apparently successful in one way, have been utterly barren of that sense of zest and completeness with which every life left to seek the attainment of its own realized needs may be filled? And how numberless are the girl-souls repressed and deformed, the girl-lives blighted and rendered misanthropical, by being kept under a yoke of negative selfishness that makes attention to some invalid affection, devotion to some inefficient friend, crucifixions of desires and ambitions, appear in the mistaken light of present duty—perhaps permanent life-work. A particular illustration of this negative selfishness, as revealed in another form, occurs for mention. A gentleman of ge-

niel refinement and attraction, but a man not wealthy, met and wooed a young girl who lived in the home of a brother. She supported herself very comfortably, and by her position in her brother's family was enabled to enjoy excellent society. Her lover was ambitious to gain wealth; he held a good position, was able to live, while not hampered with a wife, in fashionable style, and met with his betrothed in high social circles; but as he told her, confidently, he had no intention of marrying until he "owned a handsome house and thirty thousand dollars, to settle upon his wife the day he married her." Of course this confidence was given in the tenderest manner, and put in the light of the most exquisite devotion. The young lady could not resent the heroism of a love determined to win desirable conditions for her. And as the years go by she is comfortably situated, and he loves her and works for her. But she is neither in the brightness nor the storm. She is only under the depressing influence of the neutral day—the sweet, rich depths of her young womanly nature are getting cold, and worldly, and morbid, from the abiding but almost impalpable effects of her lover's negative selfishness. True, he devotedly loves her; he does not desire to take his bride from a luxurious home and its entree for her into a pleasant social world, into less comforts or a lower station. He is content that he is much with her, and that while he waits to take her into his nearest life they both are able to maintain an appearance that satisfies his refined tastes. And so—in his negative selfishness, he forgets to analyze woman-nature, and sees that he is forcing her to submit to a continued expectancy and suspense that is ruinous to temper, and to a position, even though she is to a degree independent, that wears upon and hardens her sensibilities, and to an experience that is rendering her worldly and self-suppressed; he carelessly fails to understand that her woman's heart, in its youthful enthusiasm, would have found a hundred times greater satisfaction in having spent its sweet devotion on him, and in endurance with him, than it ever will in soulless goods he waits to win for her.

But of all the negative selfishness that darkens human souls, the negative selfishness of the husband or wife, one to the other, is most cruel, because so wholly unscrupulous. The little matters in which the heart may be chilled by those dearest and nearest us are the great matters which make the sum of the tragedies that are daily happening to human souls.

"We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best."

While we affect to despise positive selfishness, wherever and whenever we see it evidenced, let us study all our motives well, that we may free them from a worse element—negative selfishness!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

Next to looking over photograph albums my great delight is to pore over—Tom says I ought to have written "paw over"—autograph albums, and notice the sentiments and handwriting of the writers and see if I can detect their characters thereby. Then I wonder if the sentiments echo the heart of the autographist—I don't know as you'll find that word in the dictionary.

Here is one: "I ask no higher boon than to be called your friend."

That is pretty, but the writer could not find room enough for the last word and so divided it, putting "fr" on one line and "end" on the next, and a fri-end is somewhat of a queer character for a person to wish to be.

Another reads: "Would I might speak the thoughts I bear to thee; but they do choke and flutter in my throat and make me like a child."

That is awful "spoony," and I don't think the writer's head would hurt any one if it were used as a base ball, for it must be fearfully and terribly soft. I am inclined to think he thinks more of himself than others do of him. It seemeth to show itself in his writings.

The names of two boarding-school girls came next—the word "chums," joining them together with a sort of friendly link. I wonder if they used to wander down green lanes and tell to each other all their secrets, hopes, joys and sorrows—and vowed eternal friendship to each other, and then got mad the next day because they fell plumb in love with the same "feller," and blamed said feller for allowing them to do so. What a strange and tickle thing this friendship between school-girls is—so peculiarly enthusiastic while it lasts, but lasts such a short time! It is incomprehensible how these girls will smile on each other one day and frown on the next, to make up again on the third, only to get mad once more on the fourth. But, "such is life."

"Yours with a bushel basketful of love," I can see the writer in my mind's eye, just rough enough to be the adored of her schoolmates and the torment of her teachers. Just the individual to flirt with all the fellows of the Academy and have the teachers obliged to nail the blinds down so she cannot cast sheep's eyes at the young artist over the way. And she is just the one to pull those identical nails out and lay the blame on the cat. I can almost imagine her standing up before Miss Prim, who says: "Miss Millicent, did you not know how wrong it was for you to do as your are doing, and didn't you know what a bad example you are setting the other scholars?"

And Millie's answer seems to come to me in this form: "Yes, ma'am, and don't you think pineapple ice-cream is *awful* good?"

A young, merry girl she must be, who says strange things and acts in a stranger manner, yet a very lovable creature, for all that, and one who makes strange havoc with young men's hearts. In fact, she is just the creature the girls envy for her powers of fascination, and all the while keep remarking that they "cannot see how any one can fancy such a harum-scarum creature." Maybe they'd give a good deal to be such a "harum-scarum creature" themselves. 'Tis the way of the world, my dear.

These albums are good to look over in after years, and serve to remind us to make the writers stand out in bold relief. They may call to mind some friend whom we have forgotten who should have been remembered. Mayhap we shall find some friendly and well-meant advice within the pages of these albums; advice which we would have done well to have heeded. Loving thoughts from father and mother may be expressed between the covers. Friendly hands that now lie cold in the grave may have penned words which seemed so common in their lifetime that are now invaluable to us, and we think how strange it is that we only begin to know the worth of those around us when we lose them. We say "if we but had them back how differently would we treat them." Would we? I fear not.

I think that all should have these albums, and when you get them don't bore important personages for their signature and sentiments, for some people will feel quite reticent in having theirs in the same book. Let it be a friendly album, and filled with friends' names. You'll find it good company for bright days and dark days. You'll not feel quite so lone-some with such good company about you.

Brother Tom says I had better write in some one's album—

"Here is the autograph of Eve Lawless,
When she dies there'll be one jaw less,"

and add that she wore out one jaw in life bearing people for their follies and shortcomings, and endeavoring to have people imagine she is perfect.

"I never set myself up for a saint. Did I? I isn't he just hateful?"

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Address Before an Agricultural Fair.

LADIES and gentlemen, I congratulate you upon your good judgment in selecting me to deliver the annual address before this honorable society and its patrons.

No one has taken agriculture more to heart or made it so much of a study as I have. I have spent my whole life in reading agricultural reports, and have driven out into the country two or three times.

I have always fully believed in my own mind that there was nothing like agriculture, and many of you will agree with me, and even when a boy in climbing over the rear fence of the fair-grounds I said there was never anything like an Agricultural Fair, and the only objection then which I could raise was on account of the price of admission. Such was my mind that I frequently got myself into trouble in this way.

When I look round me to-day and see the evidences of a farmer's life I say God bless him! I tell you I would rather borrow a hundred dollars of a good old honest farmer than any other man. I would rather eat at a farmer's table than eat at my own.

What better sign of agricultural thrift can be found than those beautiful quilts present, each one made of several thousand pieces? I tell you they are the very finest products that can be cultivated on a farm. When a good old farmer wraps one of those around him and lies down to pleasant dreams, the mortgages on his farm and the taxes vanish into thin air.

The agricultural display here to-day is unusually large. I am overjoyed to look around and see so many good-looking girls. The crop is splendid. It shows they were raised on good farms, and I think they deserve the premium. If I wasn't an old married man I would be agricultural enough to try and cultivate a liking for some of them. I have also noticed a pretty good exhibition of agricultural babies.

I am sure that no one having the products of a farmer's vocation at heart could fail to come here and not be overwhelmed with pleasure at the contemplation of the candy-stands on every hand, and nothing could be more inspiring to the agricultural eye than those wooden horses swinging round in a circle at five cents a ride. I invested a nickel in that purely rural exercise but my head got to going around faster than my body, and I was compelled to fall off and take a nap in the grass.

[Speaking of grass reminds me that I never saw a better display of grass-widows than I have seen to-day at this fair, although it might hint at bad husbandry.]

I am pleased to see that every year farming becomes more advanced as a profession. Those wax flowers and crocheted ferns show to the whole world just how it is improving, and those sewing-machines are so finely adjusted that they will sow anything from a calico dress to a field of oats. When I was a boyish child we did our sowing by hand, and I may add that some boys were raised by hand with a switch in it.

Perhaps there is nothing that shows the progress of the agricultural interests better than the horse-races which I have seen here to-day. When I looked at those feats of speed I wanted to be a farmer, and became so enthusiastic over it that I invested ten dollars on the white horse for a purely agricultural purpose, but I had forgotten to state I had bet on the horse that came in last, and the fellow went away with my money and his finger pulled down his left eye. Nevertheless, agriculture as exhibited in a horse-race is a good thing.

As I was walking through these grounds I observed a lonesome fellow tossing three solitary cards. I paused and inquired the reason. He said that he was agriculturally inclined to think I could not afford the ace of spades which he showed me. Said I, "My young farmer friend, I have just five dollars which says I can just do that very thing." He said all right, and I put my finger right down on it and it didn't happen to be it. He observed, as he rolled up the money and put it in his pocket, that the best farmers sometimes make a mistake.

The occupation of a farmer in my mind is one of the most pleasant of recreations. What is more delightful than to see the patient ox hitched up to the sickle going through field reaping potatoes from the potato-stalks? What is more cheerful than to lie in bed and know that your corn is coming up whether you are there or not, or to sit back and drink cider and be aware that every stalk of wheat is growing without your being compelled to be out there and put a head on it, while the corn puts its ears out and listens for the breakfast-bell?

In the occupation of an honest farmer I can imagine nothing more exhilarating and ennobling than eating ham and eggs breakfasts.

If I were a farmer how delightful would it be to roll up my sleeves and go forth while the sun is warm and effulgent and eat apples or hitch up my team early to a spanker and go down the road like a breeze with another breeze after it.

Farmers are independent; indeed, they are the most independent set of people I know of.

And when fair time comes around with what pride does the farmer gather together the produce of his farm for exhibition to the astonished world! He brings in his premium thistles, which show how much pains have been taken to cultivate them; and his champion minnows, which only grow to perfection on a good farm; and his three-legged chickens; and his horned muley cows; and his persimmons; and his crab-cider; and his paw-paws; and ginseng; and ripe luscious cucumbers; and his cane fishpoles with corn blades stuck on them; and smear-case; and crooked gourds; and his girls and boys and the old folks! Ah, there is nothing half like it.

If I was the premier of this society you would all go home to-night with the first premium. I thank you all for your kind attention. The band will now play, and if there is any good old farmer present who is just going to lunch and will give me a pressing invitation to join in will show him how much I like agricultural viands.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

Frequently in stories of wild Western life occur the expressions: "biled shirt," and "store clothes." What they mean this description of a recent ball at a mining town, in Colorado, will indicate: "We had a rude log cabin, the starlight gleaming through the chinks between the logs, with the feeble gleams of tallow dips in making the darkness visible, and the very small space absolutely necessary for the dancers floored" with warped and gnarled whip-sawed lumber, for which we had paid at the rate of \$100 for 1,000 feet. Then there were but eight ladies present participating in the dance, though the entire feminine element of the town represented; these were present, gaily assembled, dressed in delirium tremens, brought on by hard drinking, principally absinthe, recklessly, remorse for his uncle's death, and dread of a Russian invasion, or attacks on his palace by Mussulman fanatics." Nice thing to marry—this chap!

—Sultan Murad's condition is pitiable indeed, if accounts from Constantinople are true. A correspondent of the *Messager du Midi* sends to that paper a letter purporting to have been written by the Sultan's physician, which says, "Murad is dying from delirium tremens, brought on by hard drinking, principally absinthe, recklessly, remorse for his uncle's death, and dread of a Russian invasion, or attacks on his palace by Mussulman fanatics."

—The treeless portions of the great prairies in several of our Western States and Territories are being rapidly supplied with forests by individual farmers planting quick-growing varieties.

In Minnesota alone about one and a half million trees, mostly cottonwood, were planted last year and this. This is better than "preserving the forests," and appointing a useless Commissioner to look after them, nearly all of which are in distant or almost inaccessible regions.

—During the recent march of Terry's troops to unite with Crook's command, the Fifth Regiment, after they had just completed a fatiguing march of sixteen miles, started on one of thirty-five through the blinding dust and darkness of night, over a rough and difficult country covered with cactus thorns, and made forty-three miles in twenty-four consecutive hours, equal to a march of sixty miles over ordinary country.

—The salaries of the different monarchs of Europe are given as follows by a German statistician: Alexander II., \$1,152,000, or \$25,000 a day; the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz, \$9,000,000, or \$18,000 a day; Francis Joseph, \$4,900,000, or \$10,050 a day; Frederick William II., \$3,000,000, or \$8,200 a day; Victoria, \$2,400,000, or \$10,050 a day; Edward VII., \$2,000,000, or \$1,645 a day. In addition to this salary, each of these classes is furnished with a dozen or more first class horses to ride in without any charge for rent.

—Neuralgia in the faces and heads of women is largely on the increase as compared with the number of instances of the disease among men, and this is believed to be due to the inferior protection afforded by the mode in which women now cover their heads. It is not only one of the most common of feminine maladies, but one of the most painful and difficult of treatment. It is also a cause of much mental depression, and is regarded by physicians as leading more often to habits of intemperance among women than to any other disease.

—A prominent citizen of St. Paul, we are told, rushed into one of St. Paul's large dry-goods stores and stopped at the button counter; he had a small sample of brown silk in his hand, and he asked the smiling clerk if he had any buttons to match that. "Plenty, sir," was the answer. "Will you have them by the gross?" "No," said the citizen. "I want them by the dozen—by the half-dozen—by the score!" "I want them sent in wagons and backed into my cellar till it is full and running over. I'm sick of hearing, 'J-o-h-n, did you match those buttons?' I am not going to spend the rest of my days running around trying to match impossible colors! There's my check; but I tell you I won't feel like myself till I've laid in

A TWILIGHT MEMORY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The twilight drops her curtains
About the shadowy world;
And the banners of the sunset
Above the West are furled.
Come sit beside me, dear one,
And sing some ballad old—
Some plaintive little ballad,
About the streets of gold.

To-night, while sunset glories
In the corners of the hill,
I listened to the robins
And lone-some whippowil.
And I lived an evening over,
When the robins sung the same,
And the light of heaven seemed shining,
Through the sunset gates of fame.

Then I saw the shadows gather
In the corners of the room,
But the shadows were thin shadow,
That was full of awful gloom.
For a dear one's bark was drifting
Out upon the unknown sea—
In the falling twilight shadows,
Drifting out from earth and me.

Oh! the sad voice, mournful robins!
Were they thinking of my pain?
That their song should be so mournful?
I hear the lone whippowil sing again,
And I hear the plaintive calling
Of the whippowil once more,
As my dear one's bark goes drifting
Toward the far-off heaven shore!

* * * * *

Sing some ballad in the twi-light,
Touching weary eyes with balm;
Sing of the celestial city,
With calm.
Sing of rest—and dear ones waiting,
Over there for you and me waiting,
When our bark goes drifting, drifting,
Out into eternity.

Great Adventurers.

COLUMBUS,

Discoverer of the New World.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

The adventures and experiences of the early discoverers of America are so romantic as to read like romance. After Columbus had proclaimed his great success in finding a New World thickly peopled with a race of red men, whose land was of glorious beauty, and rich in precious stones and metals, it excited to feverish the spirit of adventure, exploration and conquest among the several powers of Western Europe. Each nation was eager to possess a portion of the new domain; and, ere four years had passed, various fleets were afloat on voyages of discovery. Their successes and failures filled Europe with excitement. The civilization found by the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru; the bloody conquest of those countries by Cortez and Pizarro; the enormous wealth obtained by them and their followers—so served to intensify the thirst for adventure, and the lust for gold among English, French, Portuguese, Venetians and Dutch, that the 16th century witnessed marvelous deeds of men and stupendous schemes of nations for aggrandizement and power.

Christopher Columbus—or Christopher Colon as he called himself when he went to Spain—was born at Cogol-to, in Genoa, A. D. 1436.* His father being a well-to-do tradesman, Christopher received an excellent education for those days—then a rare exception even among “the gentry.” His taste ran so decidedly to navigation that he left the University of Pavia to become a practical sailor; and this love for the sea and for adventure took such possession of him that when he was three-and-twenty years of age it was his “ruling passion.” He voyaged to all the ports of the Mediterranean. Then he ran down the only half-known African coast, and out to the newly-discovered islands of the ocean. He stretched away to the Northern Ocean, to Iceland and beyond, resolved to discover new lands. His learning and observation convinced him of the existence of other continents, and his eager mind gathered strength of purpose with each new voyage. To further his studies and schemes he tarried in Portugal, on whose shores he was cast by the destruction of his vessel by a Venetian galley. With the aid of an ear he swam two leagues to the land and made his way to the court of Alfonso V., at Lisbon.

The Portuguese then were famed for their commercial enterprise and sea adventures. They welcomed men of all nations who had nautical knowledge or were possessed of the spirit of adventure. Under the Portuguese flag he made voyages to all the then newly-found lands. Marrying the daughter of Pessello, a celebrated sea captain, from this old sailor's logs, charts and reports he obtained much strange and exciting information. His brother-in-law, then engaged in the public service, notified him that western winds had driven ashore at Porto Santo wood which showed signs of man's rude handicraft, and canes of immense size. The same reports came from the Azores, Madeira and Cape V. de Islands; then, on the Azores, two dead bodies of men, differing wholly from the European or African races, floated ashore.

All served to confirm Columbus' long-growing convictions of a Western land—or possibly of India, which might reach so far to the east that its eastern limits would be found by sailing west. The sphericity of our world was not then admitted, but Columbus, having studied deeply the problems of Astronomy, and observed the phenomena of the earth's shadow in lunar eclipses, became thoroughly convinced of the fact that the earth was a *globe*, and that, by sailing west, he would strike the eastern limit of the Asiatic continent, or discover new lands lying between.

So to King John II., the King of Portugal, he broached his ideas and designs, soliciting his aid in fitting out an expedition to solve the problem. John did not accede to the Genoese's suggestion, but was so favorably impressed that he gave private orders for a ship, bound to the Cape de Verde Islands, to continue on to the west, until land was found.

This effort to anticipate him impelled Columbus to go in person to the rival court, of Spain, (Castile,) where Ferdinand and Isabella reigned. At the same time he sent his brother Bartholomew to England, to interest King Henry VII. in the scheme.

They followed, for the Genoese, seven years of severest labor, trial and mortification in the endeavor to obtain the confidence of those high in authority, and the support of the crown. His ideas were pronounced *visionary*; his belief in the spherical form of the world was declared to be both absurd and irreverent. A few good and wise men sustained him and labored in his interest with the court, but, after seven years of waiting, he abandoned hope and sadly departed for the court of Louis of France.

This so aroused his friends that Isabella dispatched messengers for his recall. He obtained the coveted audience and so interested the

queen that she volunteered her jewels to obtain the money necessary for the adventure. He was commissioned admiral, and viceroy of all lands he should discover and annex to the Spanish crown, and with a fleet of three small vessels—two of them mere caravels—he sailed from Palos, Spain, Aug. 3d, 1492.

The Canary Islands, however, were the real point of departure. From thence, Sept. 6th, the great navigator entered upon unknown seas, greatly to the terror of many of his crews. Only Columbus' confident assertions reassured them. Even his captains were soon filled with fear at the phenomenon of the great variations of the magnetic needle, and were reconciled to the unheard-of deflection of the magnet by Columbus' explanation that it was caused by the diurnal suction of the north (polar) star around the north pole!

In a few days the little ships were in the midst of the “Saragossa sea”—a floating mass of marine plants, over which hovered many unknown aquatic birds. These signs of land increased as the fleet sailed west, but no land appearing, the crews became excited, and mutinous for a return. The admiral, by every power of persuasion, threat and command, was barely able to keep the ships on their course. Signs of land multiplied rapidly. Flocks of small land-birds were not infrequent. Then appeared floating debris of land origin, and on the morning of October 11th indications of land so strong that caution was enjoined on the pilots.

That night Columbus' watchful eyes detected a moving light, and at 2 a. m., Oct. 12th, the land was seen, two leagues away. A gun was fired to announce the discovery. The three vessels came together, and with the dawn there lay before their eager eyes a low but very beautiful island, thick clad in verdure, with limpid rivulets discernible on its surface. Great rejoicing followed. The *Te Deum Laudamus* psalm was sung by all—Columbus leading. Before it was finished the island shores were alive with men, women and children, amazed spectators of the wonderful scene.

Columbus and his captains, with an armed guard, landed. As they touched the shore all fell down, and, kissing the soil, uttered fervent thanks to God. The royal standard was planted and the word *Salvador* pronounced as the name of the land—a fitting recognition of the divine Savior. The company present hailed Columbus as viceroy of the new domain, and on the spot took the oath of allegiance.

The islanders, at first frightened away by the approach of the boats, now began to return. Finding no harm done them, they came forward, and by signs of abject humility gave token of their submission. They regarded the new-comers as something immortal, to be obeyed and worshipped.

After a two days' tarry, the vessels proceeded, with a few natives on board, in quest of other lands, and discovered, in rapid succession, the islands south of San Salvador. October 27th, just at sunset, Cuba was sighted, and the next morning it was formally possessed, in the name of the crown of Spain, and christened *Juana*, after Prince Don Juan. Here evidences of a higher civilization were found in the shape of huts having fireplaces in them; bone fish-hooks, various utensils, weapons, cotton cloth, etc. Explorations followed, and an embassy was sent into the interior of the island. The word uttered by the natives, *Cubanacan*, so impressed Columbus that he interpreted it *Great Khan* and concluded he had indeed discovered “farther Ind.” To the *Khan* he therefore wrote by his embassy, which, however, returned after a twelve miles' tramp to report no cities found, nor any evidence of the Great Khan.

Columbus now spent many weeks in his explorations. St. Domingo was nearly circumnavigated and other adjacent islands entered on his charts. He believed that he really had struck India, and he expected ere long to rediscover Marco Polo's great island of *Cipango* (Japan), where were untold treasures of gold and precious stones. The harmless Indians, with their splendid canoes and caniques (chiefs) in command, encouraged this illusion, while the remarkable products of the land—tobacco, potatoes, yams, cassava, etc., all strange to him, added no little to his delight. On Cuba, St. Domingo, etc., the natives wove and wore a coarse cotton cloth, dyed with various colors, which betokened, as Columbus thought, a contact with India civilization.

We must remember that the great navigator was literally groping his way. The *wish* was to find India, for then he could prove his theory of the sphericity of the world, and thus, solve numberless important problems. So he tried hard to associate what he saw with what Marco Polo had published regarding “Cathay;” but his new world proved, after much exploration and inquiry among the natives, to be but great islands, with vast seas beyond.

Having lost his own vessel, the largest of his fleet, by running on a reef off of Hayti, the admiral determined upon a return to Spain in the small caravel or barque—the second vessel having long before run away from the fleet to explore on its own account. The wrecked ship was broken to pieces and a strong fort erected with its timbers; then, leaving in it a volunteer garrison of 39 men, he set sail for Spain, Jan. 4th, 1493.

The second day out he met his second vessel returning from its independent cruise and accepting the captain's excuses for his treacherous conduct, he continued on his way—reaching Palos, after great peril, March 15th.

His reception was noisy with cannon and the shouts of the people, and his trip to the court at Barcelona one continued triumph. He bore with him several of the natives and many of the products of the New World—the West Indies, as he called it. A chair next to the throne was given him, and then, in the presence of the court, he related to the queen and king (Isabella and Ferdinand) the story of his adventures and discoveries—at the same time delivering a considerable amount of gold which he had obtained by barter with the natives. For all of which he was made a Grandee and every mark of royal favor lavished upon him.

A second voyage followed, under highly favorable auspices, with three fine ships and fourteen caravels, bearing fifteen hundred men. Leaving Cadiz September 25th, 1493, he reached Hispaniola (Hayti) November 2d, to find his fort abandoned and his colony dispersed. He rebuilt the fort, and made a fortified town, which he named Isabella, appointing his brother Diego governor. This done he proceeded with his explorations and added a number of islands to his charts. Returning to Isabella, after an absence of five months, he found there, to his great delight, his long-lost brother Bartholomew, whom the queen had dispatched with additional supplies for the colony. Columbus was angered and mortified, however, to find great discord and discontent among the colonists, who, instead of securing gold in plenty, as every one of the adventurers had expected, had encountered only work and the hardships incident to settlement life. Complaints against the admiral, and denunciations of the country, already had been dispatched to Spain. To si-

length calumny he returned to Spain with considerable treasure and thirty natives—leaving Bartholomew in command. His presence in Spain disconcerted but did not silence his calumniators, and it was not until May 30th, 1498, that he started on his third voyage, with six vessels. Three were sent direct to Hispaniola, while, with the others, he took a more *southerly* course. He struck the continent at Trinidad and coasted along to the north until convinced that he had indeed found a New World. Then he returned to Hispaniola, where he proposed to found a great viceroyalty of which Spain should be proud.

But his enemies were busy enough at court. Isabella, frightened at the report of his purpose to found an independence, dispatched Bobadilla to Hispaniola, with the powers of vice-roy. The great admiral and his two brothers, on Bobadilla's arrival, were put in irons and sent to Spain with all manner of charges against them by personal enemies. His appearance in irons (Nov. 1500) aroused public sympathy. He was released at once and received at court with distinguished honor, by Isabella's command.

But, in intrigue was at work to rob him of his vice-royalty and his honors, and he and his friends labored in vain for his restoration. Failing in this, he started, March 9, 1502, on a new voyage of discovery, to try to make his way through to the East Indies. Stopping at St. Domingo (Hispaniola) he was denied permission to enter port! He continued on to Darien, but failed to find the expected “opening.” Two of his vessels were lost in this exploration, and, proceeding east, on his return, the two remaining vessels were wrecked on Jamaica and the great navigator barely escaped with his life.

Alone on the island, with no means of escape, his condition was forlorn enough. Through the kindness of the natives two canoes were obtained, in which several of the boldest of his men embarked, to try and reach Hispaniola, and from thence bring him succor. The natives became hostile, owing to the misconduct of the Spaniards, and starvation threatened the hapless castaways. Columbus only saved his command by strategy. Knowing that an eclipse of the moon was at hand, he threatened the natives with the vengeance of his God if they did not bring in bountiful supplies of provisions, and said, in proof of his threat, that at a certain hour the moon would lose its light. The obscuration came, greatly to their consternation, and food poured in plentifully from that hour.

A whole year passed before relief came. The two canoes, strange to say, reached St. Domingo in safety, but the governor refused to act, and the men and their friends equipped a small vessel for the admiral's relief. It is a little barque he left Jamaica (June 28th, 1504,) and in the same craft made his way back to Spain, shattered in health, robbed of his vice-royalty and his vast estates in the New World, and died, of a broken spirit, at Valadolid, May 20th, 1506.

Great honors were shown the remains of the man who had done so much for Spain and been so deeply wronged by the selfish Ferdinand. Buried temporarily in Seville, his body, by his own expressed will, was taken to St. Domingo, to rest in the world his genius had evoked from the darkness. There it rested until transferred to Havana, Cuba, in January, 1796, and with imposing pomp was buried at the right side of the great altar of the cathedral. There it yet rests.

Brave Barbara:
OR,
FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF “BLACK EYES AND BLUE,” ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BUTTERFLY IN THE WEB.

LITTLE Lady Alice had a pleasant visit at Dunleath Castle. No mother could be kinder to her than was the proud countess. She was only a child—little Alice—a dainty, happy-hearted, bright-haired child of sixteen summers, with all the deeper feelings of womanhood still asleep in her folded nature. She liked simple amusements, confectionery, petting and new dresses, and she had been kept on scant allowance of any of these charming things the last few years. Her father was too deeply absorbed in himself and his embarrassments to pet his only remaining child; and money was too precious to him to be wasted on sweets for her; while, as for clothing, a sufficiency of the cheapest dresses was all the girl ever had.

“But you are old enough to dress very differently now, dear; and your father has given me *carte blanche* to put your wardrobe in order. Perhaps you will be in society this coming winter, and then you will need a great many things.”

The countess had said this to her, and followed it up by sending to London very frequently for boxes of pretty articles of the toilet; and little Alice, delighted, and wondering at her mother's liberality, after his being so close with her, accepted everything as coming from him, and took unbound pleasure in her new treasures. Laces and gloves, sacks, ribbons, hats, a blue silk dress, a white grenadine, any number of simple muslins and organdies, fans, bouquet-holders, opera-glasses, bijouterie—are not these things remarkably conducive to the happiness of a very young lady? Lady Alice took the deeper delight in hers because she had not hitherto been surprised.

After all, this was the delight of a child in beautiful things. She had no coquettish ideas of conquest or display. It was very quiet at Dunleath. There were none to coquet with had she or any other; and she did not miss admirers, or yearn after them. She thought the place almost too grand for her humble little self—wondered at the deferential air of the waiting maid who had appointed her personal attendant—enjoyed the lovely environments of Dunleath, its lawns, forests, flower-gardens, fountains, lakes. And she never ceased to be surprised at the great kindness of the lady of Dunleath. Her heart warmed with gratitude and admiration—but not with love. She could never quite love the stately countess who did so much for her—never pour out her heart to her as she used to her own mamma. Yet she thought her the handsomest lady, and the best, and the most queenly she had ever seen.

She never dreamed—poor child, how could she!—that all this goodness, at which her own generous little heart swelled with gratitude, was but the bait with which the simple fish is caught on the cruel hook.

The haughty Countess of Dunleath, knowing that no girl who knew of her son's affliction would marry him, was deliberately working to entangle this innocent young creature in an alliance with him.

She had made her choice after due deliberation. Of course, some young lady might have married the heir, for his title; but such a woman would be selfish, and probably as coarse-grained as she was unprincipled.

Now, the little Alice, although poor “as a church-mouse,” was nobly born and bred, of the daintiest refinement, beautiful, young, loving, amiable—just the girl to make her poor son happy the few years he had to live.

As to the happiness of the poor girl herself!—ah! the lady countess did not make so nice a calculation on that! She said to herself, however—for she was not so utterly selfish as she was wrapped up in her son—that the child would have much to gain, fortune, comfort and such worldly gifts; and that she would, if not happy with Herbert, in all probability be left a widow while yet so young as to make a second choice.

The physicians had assured her that Herbert would not live more than five or six years at the longest. At the end of six years Lady Alice would be only a little over twenty-two.

And so the countess planned and plotted, and called herself any hard names for doing so.

She quietly put aside all the unpleasant fancies of the effect years spent with a husband so thoughtfully afflicted might have on the nerves and heart of a sensitive young thing like Lady Alice. All she considered was to get a wife who could charm and entertain her son; and by giving him an heir, would thus displease the cousin who anticipated the earlship.

But it was heartless of her to thus seek to entrap Lady Alice, what can be said of the child's own father, who entered fully into the plan, and was more than willing to sell his daughter to a husband like the earl?

And what did little Alice, all this time, think of the earl? Her heart was still an unfolded bud. She learned to have a great affection for him as a friend and companion.

Love, with his wondrous magic wand, had not yet touched the hidden flower of her soul, causing it to burst into sudden, exquisite blow. No. All the woman's part of her nature still slumbered, as the Sleeping Beauty slumbered in the enchanted palace, nor was the young earl the Fairy Prince who ought to kiss her eyelids into opening.

The earl's mysterious malady, whatever it might be, excited her compassion, making her doubly kind to him and anxious to please him. She thought him very handsome—but not very bright—and sometimes his fits of temper disconcerted, even shocked her. She liked his society because young people do like each other's society, and he was the only person about the castle anywhere near her own age. She forgot his bursts of violence, because he was often ill, and was a great sufferer from some nervous disease. She sometimes wondered at his *forgetting things* which had happened only the day before. In fact, there were many things about him which puzzled her; which, if she had been older and wiser, she would have understood better. And these things effectively prevented her from falling madly in love with Herbert, as his mother had hoped and expected of her.

She had made some inquiries, at first, of the maid who waited on her, as to the peculiar form of the earl's malady; but the girl had received her instructions, and gave a very indefinite answer.

She then asked her father, who also turned the question off with something about its “being merely a nervous affection,” which the young gentleman would gradually outgrow.

Outgrow! yes, by outgrowing life itself—and the father, knowing all the terrible facts, deliberately deceived his child.

High-minded and high-bred, Lady Alice asked no more questions.

More than once she observed something peculiar in the haste with which the countess turned her out of Herbert's presence. She was too quick-witted not to perceive that there was something kept from her. But she was also too ignorant of such things to form any idea of what the nature of the trouble was.

And so the six weeks of her visit ran on toward the close. She began to dread the thoughts of returning to London and living in some cheerless hotel with her father, who scarcely paid any more attention to her than to the canary bird in its cage by the window; and who seemed to consider that he did his whole duty by her when he secured as her companion—half waiting-maid and half *duenna*—a meagrely-paid, sour, unbending elderly person, as respectable as she was un-companionable to the poor little creature who would fain be gay and

lover's past life which he had confided to her father, but not to her. If her father were satisfied, would not she be, too? Why did they not speak freely to her? One hundred times a day her thoughts would go back to that assurance of Delorme's that she was his first, his only love. If she could *doubt his word* in that, she must in all things.

"He would not tell me an open falsehood," she assured herself.

Her aunt Margaret liked Delorme, too.

That old lady was fanciful in her likes and dislikes, bitter in her prejudices. It was a great triumph to Barbara to have her take kindly to Delorme.

Aunt Margaret Harlenberg was an old maid of sixty years. She had once been as beautiful, high-spirited, proud and coquettish as her lovely niece—much such a girl, in fact; and she had broken with her lover in a fit of jealousy—had found out, too late, that she was in the wrong—and had never married. Being rich as well as handsome, she had been sought by many men, ay, up to her fiftieth year; she had laughed at them all, and lived on, in her own way, growing more odd, high-tempered, and prejudiced, as the years went by.

She had left her own house, twenty miles further up the river, and hurried down to Bellevue the day that a rumor reached her that her niece had a suitor.

She felt it incumbent on her to take a leading part in anything so important as Barbara's choosing a husband.

She came down to Bellevue, as we have seen, and she fell in love with the English gentleman to whom her niece had pledged her troth. Whether he reminded her of her own first love—long ago moldering in his grave—or whether it was simply that Delorme could charm whenever he chose, she became his ardent admirer, praising him to everybody and promising her niece all her plate and jewelry, when she should herself no longer want them.

This was wormwood to Herman.

He had hoped to have his aunt on his side.

Instead of that, she treated him almost with contempt, because he had again and again returned to his attacks on the character of Delorme. She did not mince words; it was not her way.

"If you really *know* anything, Herman, do speak out! Don't stab a man in the back. That's not like a Rensselaer, to slander a man in secret. I see through it all. It's jealousy. You were such a fool as to hope to get Barbara yourself. Why, she wouldn't look at you! Not but what you are well enough, Herman, in your way—an honest, steady-going young man, to whom I shall leave a few thousand dollars, when I die, if you continue to behave yourself—but not Barbara's mate! Come! give up this backbiting, and be good-natured about what you have no power to prevent!"

"Oh! haven't I?" muttered Herman, between wrathful lips; but not so that his aunt could hear him. He had built too much on the "few thousand dollars" she had promised him, to dare to offend her. "No power to prevent?" That may be a mistake of yours, aunt Margaret. I rather think that doughty milord in disguise would tremble in his shoes if he even suspected what I know and what I am doing. Confound it! I wish it did not take so long to send to England for those documents! The lady has promised they shall be here within six weeks. Then, we will see who is the most becoming match for my proud cousin—an honest man, whom she knows, or a scoundrel, and a stranger, who has fled from his own country, to make a victim of some heiress here."

As to Delorme, he was happier than he had been in years—happier than he had thought ever to be again—as happy as a man circumstances as he was *could* be. From whatever motive he had first sought the heiress of Bellevue, he was dead in love with her now.

In her delicious company he forgot everything but that she loved him and had promised to be his; but, alas! when alone, when he had time to reflect, a brooding, nervous fear took hold of him and shook him with a mortal terror—the terror that Barbara might hear some thing to destroy her faith in him and convince her that he had told her a falsehood when he assured her that she was his first, only love.

So more than a fortnight fled by. In that time Delorme had not once seen or heard of the woman whose one appearance—unheralded and unexpected—on the stage of his affairs began to seem to him like a dream. Sometimes he actually doubted that Mrs. Courtenay had come from England and he had met and talked with her.

Herman Rensselaer could have told him it was no dream. He knew where Mrs. Courtenay was, and what doing. He had held as many as four or five interviews with her.

One evening the whole family was assembled in the back drawing-room. For a wonder, there was no company. It was late in September now; and the spacious room, with its rich furniture and decorations, was doubly cheerful from the light not only of plentiful lamps, but of a blazing wood-fire on the hearth.

Peter Rensselaer believed in fireplaces—an open fire was to him the very nucleus of home-comfort, the core, the heart of home itself. The light of this one played cheerily over the heavy carvings of the rosewood mantel; the subdued tints of the velvet carpet, over the glass fire-dogs fell apart and crumbled into glowing coals, sending a shower of sparks up the chimney.

Suddenly into the warm, splendid, shining room came Barbara. She brought a breath of the cold night-air with her. Herman did not return with her. She swept in alone and walked quickly up to within three paces of Delorme.

He looked up in surprise, and his face paled at the change in hers. Aunt Margaret and her father stared. A young girl, with blushing cheeks and dewy eyes, had gone out of the room—young girl with a sunny face, full of coquetry, arch happiness, hope, the glory of jealousy, hate, ungenerous triumph.

The lovers were at the piano. Delorme, who had a magnificent voice, had been singing a passionate love-song which had brought the hidden roses to the surface in Barbara's cheeks. Her dark skin, with its clear pallor, was like the velvet vellum which appears to be blank; yet warm it, and out come the ardent poems which are written on it. Warm Barbara's heart and out on her face come eloquent blushes and speaking expressions which made it the sweetest face in the world to read. Delorme evidently thought so, as he leaned on the piano, his hand toyed absently with the sheets of music lying there, his eyes fixed on the fair face, upturned to listen to the low voice which was saying things to deepen her color and intensify the light of her dark eyes.

The fitful, rising and falling glow of the fire fell over his tall, elegant figure, his earnest, refined face—fell over her slender, supple, girlish form, robed in garnet silk, her purple-black hair, her bright, upraised face, so sweet, so rapturous—the very sight of it turned the heart of her cousin into a hell of discontent.

The lovers had no idea that he was watching or listening—that his ear was strained to catch their careless words.

"I believe in the words of the song, Delise," Barbara was saying; "that the only love worth having is first love. I would scorn a man's heart after half a dozen other girls had played foot-ball with it. And aren't you glad, Delise, that I never even thought of any man as a hero until I met you?"

"All my heroes were book-heroes. It was not until—until—you know when, that I began to take the grand qualities of the superb fellows one reads about in novels and wrap them about a living, breathing man."

"Ah, Barbara, darling, for Heaven's sake don't make a hero out of me. I am anything else but a hero—a poor, falacious, weak mortal. Yes, child! I sometimes think weaker than you are—for you have some strong characteristics for a girl of your age. You frighten me at times."

"Frighten you, Mr. Delorme!"

"I mean that I stand in awe of you."

"Oh! I dare say you mean that you fear my furious temper," observed Barbara, with a flash of her dark eyes.

"No, I do not mean that, Barbara. I admire your temper. I should be more than willing to have my ears boxed by you! I do not care for manne women. But—"

"What, Delise?—how can such a little goose as I am inspire awe?"

"Well, for instance, I should not like to see you jealous—"

"But I never will be, Delise. How can I be jealous of you, when I am your first love, and you are never to admire any other girl but me? Do you expect to indulge in future flirtations, sir? Explain yourself," and she put on a bewitching air of pouting displeasure which made her lover steal one of her dimpled hands and press it again and again to his lips.

"I would be willing to ignore the existence of the whole sex, saving you," he said, rapturously.

It was wormwood to Herman.

He had hoped to have his aunt on his side.

Instead of that, she treated him almost with contempt, because he had again and again returned to his attacks on the character of Delorme. She did not mince words; it was not her way.

"If you really *know* anything, Herman, do speak out! Don't stab a man in the back. That's not like a Rensselaer, to slander a man in secret. I see through it all. It's jealousy. You were such a fool as to hope to get Barbara yourself. Why, she wouldn't look at you! Not but what you are well enough, Herman, in your way—an honest, steady-going young man, to whom I shall leave a few thousand dollars, when I die, if you continue to behave yourself—but not Barbara's mate! Come! give up this backbiting, and be good-natured about what you have no power to prevent!"

"Oh! haven't I?" muttered Herman, between wrathful lips; but not so that his aunt could hear him. He had built too much on the "few thousand dollars" she had promised him, to dare to offend her. "No power to prevent?" That may be a mistake of yours, aunt Margaret. I rather think that doughty milord in disguise would tremble in his shoes if he even suspected what I know and what I am doing. Confound it! I wish it did not take so long to send to England for those documents! The lady has promised they shall be here within six weeks. Then, we will see who is the most becoming match for my proud cousin—an honest man, whom she knows, or a scoundrel, and a stranger, who has fled from his own country, to make a victim of some heiress here."

As to Delorme, he was happier than he had been in years—happier than he had thought ever to be again—as happy as a man circumstances as he was *could* be. From whatever motive he had first sought the heiress of Bellevue, he was dead in love with her now.

In her delicious company he forgot everything but that she loved him and had promised to be his; but, alas! when alone, when he had time to reflect, a brooding, nervous fear took hold of him and shook him with a mortal terror—the terror that Barbara might hear some thing to destroy her faith in him and convince her that he had told her a falsehood when he assured her that she was his first, only love.

So more than a fortnight fled by. In that time Delorme had not once seen or heard of the woman whose one appearance—unheralded and unexpected—on the stage of his affairs began to seem to him like a dream. Sometimes he actually doubted that Mrs. Courtenay had come from England and he had met and talked with her.

Herman Rensselaer could have told him it was no dream. He knew where Mrs. Courtenay was, and what doing. He had held as many as four or five interviews with her.

One evening the whole family was assembled in the back drawing-room. For a wonder, there was no company. It was late in September now; and the spacious room, with its rich furniture and decorations, was doubly cheerful from the light not only of plentiful lamps, but of a blazing wood-fire on the hearth.

Peter Rensselaer believed in fireplaces—an open fire was to him the very nucleus of home-comfort, the core, the heart of home itself. The light of this one played cheerily over the heavy carvings of the rosewood mantel; the subdued tints of the velvet carpet, over the glass fire-dogs fell apart and crumbled into glowing coals, sending a shower of sparks up the chimney.

Suddenly into the warm, splendid, shining room came Barbara. She brought a breath of the cold night-air with her. Herman did not return with her. She swept in alone and walked quickly up to within three paces of Delorme.

He looked up in surprise, and his face paled at the change in hers. Aunt Margaret and her father stared. A young girl, with blushing cheeks and dewy eyes, had gone out of the room—young girl with a sunny face, full of coquetry, arch happiness, hope, the glory of jealousy, hate, ungenerous triumph.

The lovers were at the piano. Delorme, who had a magnificent voice, had been singing a passionate love-song which had brought the hidden roses to the surface in Barbara's cheeks. Her dark skin, with its clear pallor, was like the velvet vellum which appears to be blank; yet warm it, and out come the ardent poems which are written on it. Warm Barbara's heart and out on her face come eloquent blushes and speaking expressions which made it the sweetest face in the world to read. Delorme evidently thought so, as he leaned on the piano, his hand toyed absently with the sheets of music lying there, his eyes fixed on the fair face, upturned to listen to the low voice which was saying things to deepen her color and intensify the light of her dark eyes.

The fitful, rising and falling glow of the fire fell over his tall, elegant figure, his earnest, refined face—fell over her slender, supple, girlish form, robed in garnet silk, her purple-black hair, her bright, upraised face, so sweet, so rapturous—the very sight of it turned the heart of her cousin into a hell of discontent.

He looked wistfully, despairingly into the beautiful, stern eyes that never wavered.

"Barbara, I will tell you all—"

"Do not speak to me, except to answer, yes or no."

"Yes."

The word was wrenching from him by her commanding look.

"Barbara, my daughter, I tell you I will—"

"Papa, do not interfere. And the lady you married is still living, Mr. Delorme?"

A groan from the very depths of his heart was heard.

"Yes or no?"

"Yes."

"And you have seen and talked with her since—since you spoke to papa about me?"

"Yes."

Very pale, proud and erect—as haughty as herself—she stood before him, and their two glances struck fire. He would not, at their tone and manner of hers, vouchsafe a word of explanation—not would she have heard it. Again the excited old gentleman sought to make peace.

"My child, if you knew all, as I do—"

"Papa, I will not listen to you. Do not insult me by a word. There is nothing to be said. Whatever excuse Mr. Delorme may have for living apart from his wife, he has none for deceiving me. Papa, he told me a plain falsehood. I refuse even to speak to him again. None of you need try to persuade me. I will not be annoyed even by the mention of his name. Our acquaintance is ended—forever!"

When that last sad word had dropped from her white lips she turned and swept out of the room with an air of unfaltering majesty.

Betrothed—parted—broken-hearted at seventeen!

Alast proud, unreasoning, exacting Barbara!

Yet—is it any wonder that she would not pause for explanation?

(To be continued—commenced in No. 340.)

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

What is friendship? The union of two hearts that beat as one, without a throb of passion.

I asked the question as I was used to.

Silently and alone:

And straightway this answer came back to me:

Not sound, not tone,

Only the sweet and solemn mystery

That gave this quaint reply so hastily.

Friendship—so oft we hear it, as 'twere such

Or such a thing:

Of which young maidens prize, wise ones declaim,

Strong, holy, pure and true, love's sweetest name,

As for a flattery's breath, a transient flame.

What I am, and what I can freely give,

As friend to friend;

Sweet interchange of thought, genial and true,

Good counsel, hopeful words and kindly deeds;

With tender sympathies, life's daily needs.

Whom call we then our friends? Not always they

Who chance to claim

A kinship with us, or may with us share

They, rather, who our noblest thoughts attest,

Can guide us, help us, understand us best.

Love giveth well—yet far more in return

Ever demands;

And at the portal watches jealously,

With outstretched hands,

Fearing to lose what it has never won,

Warring to possess till at last undone.

It springs to life the blossom of an hour,

In glad surprise;

With cheeks abloom, unmeaning flatteries,

And lover's sighs;

Seeming as sweet as fragrance that is blown

From lily fields, or a harp's wond'ring tone.

True friendship wakens like some little seed

Hid in the ground;

The tiny root, the stalk, the leaves, the flower,

As years roll round.

Deeper and finer joys, with time, it brings,

Then flies to heaven, at last, on angel wings.

Love that is lasting, that can challenge time,

AU REVOIR.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

Twas but a word, one little word,
My lips had said, her ears had heard,
One little word whose angry sense
Had made such sudden difference;
And all at once we said good-bye,
With such a swift motion, he withdrew
Her little hand from in my own;
And then, the green lane turning down,
We slowly went with beating heart
Walking together, yet apart.

We reached the farmyard gate at last,
I held it open while she passed;
Then, as she turned, I bent my head
Above her hand, and hoarsely said:
"Since all is o'er between us two
It but remains to say *Au revoir!*"

I waited, and she said not a word,
One word, and then I turned away.
Then softly low she spoke once more:
"Nay, not *Au revoir!*—*Au revoir!*"

Under the Surface:
OR,
Murder Will Out.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

On the night following the ball Clinton Craig stood on the brown-stone steps of old Charles Clayton's fine mansion on Walnut street, opposite Rittenhouse square.

The wind was sweeping by, rude and bristling; but the young gentleman had not long to wait. The door was soon opened.

"Is Miss Clayton in?" he asked of the servant-girl who had answered his summons.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, hesitatingly given. "But she is indisposed and desires to see no one."

"This is a disappointment, indeed!" muttered the young man, the chagrin he felt showing upon his face. "Is the young lady sick?"

"Not sick, exactly, sir, but quite fatigued. She did not reach home from the Academy ball until three o'clock this morning."

"Ah! yes," muttered Clinton.

The young man was still reluctant to go. He had had a pretty good rest, and, besides, he was burning with anxiety to see his fiancée.

"I do not like to intrude," he said, apologetically; "but will you kindly take my card to Miss Clayton, and say to her that I crave only a few moments of her time?"

The domestic bowed respectfully, and taking the card entered the house. She left the visitor in the vestibule. She had been gone only a moment when she returned.

"Walk in, sir," she said. "Miss Clayton bids me say that she will be delighted to see you."

A joyous, almost heavenly thrill flashed through Clinton Craig's bosom as he quickly entered the warm hall, and then walked into the dimly-lit elegant parlor.

"Glorious! glorious!" he murmured, as he strode up and down the luxurious apartment, in a very exhilaration of feeling. "Why am I thus destined to so much happiness? To possess the love of such a noble, resplendent being, to be allowed to bask in the sunshine of her smiles, to dare call her *mine*, is bliss—nay, the very intoxication of bliss! But," and he paused as his brow slightly wrinkled, "would Minerva love me if I were not heir to a large fortune? What strange words she used at the Academy last night, when speaking of Algernon Floyd. And how coolly she danced with that fellow! 'Sh! nonsense; I am not jealous—at least of such as Algernon Floyd. And yet, I had forgotten!'

As he spoke a dark shade passed over his face.

"Yes, confound it!" he resumed, in an uneasy tone, "I forgot entirely the fellow's impudent demand upon me! Can I satisfy him? Can I meet this man? Shall I expose my life to his bullet, now when happiness is within my very grasp? Can I refuse him the satisfaction which he has asked of me, as a gentleman? Ye gods!" and he gripped his hands fiercely. "I—ha—"

Do what he could the young man could not drive away the ominous frown from his brow as Minerva Clayton, all luxuriance, all loveliness, all frankness and confidence, swept into the parlor.

But in the half-gloom reigning there the queenly girl noticed not the perturbed look resting on her lover's face.

"Delighted to see you, Clinton!" she exclaimed, cordially, holding out her warm, plump hand. "I have been thinking of you, darling, all the afternoon."

Clinton Craig trembled with a delicious excitement. He led her softly to a sofa, and seating himself near her clasped her hand in his and murmured, in a low, ardent voice:

"And did you wish to see me? did you long for me to come, dearest one?"

"Can you ask such question, Clinton?" she replied, running such jeweled fingers lightly through the young man's clustering locks.

A conversation ensued which only lovers can hypothecate and appreciate.

As all of our readers may not confess to the "soft impeachment," as many, perhaps, have gone through this "foolishness" (?), we will omit the honeyed words that passed between the two young folks.

Minutes and hours sped by. At last, the young man looked up. His eyes were glittering with excitement, his face was flushed, and his heart throbbed with an exultant joy that he did not care to conceal.

"And when shall the happy day be, darling?" he murmured. "Speak, Minerva; I await your answer."

The girl turned her head away as a blush mantled her fair cheek; but in an instant she bent her gaze frankly on the young man's face and said:

"Whenever you may decide, Clinton. I am yours even now, and ready to obey you."

"Heaven bless you, Minerva! I'll never profane your love. Now what say you to one week from to-night?"

Again Minerva turned her head away; but as before it was only for a moment.

She faced him again; but she did not lift her head as she replied:

"Tis soon, very soon, Clinton; and papa? You know he must be consulted; but I'm satisfied that he will not object. Say two weeks from to-night, and my hand shall be yours, as my heart already is."

"It shall be as you wish, darling; and—"

Just then the bell rung, clamorously.

"Who can it be?" murmured Minerva.

"Tis very late," and she glanced at the clock.

Then a rap sounded on the parlor-door, and a servant entered the room with a letter in her hand.

"A man brought this for you, Mr. Craig," she said. "He wishes you to attend to its contents at once."

With some misgiving, Clinton took the letter, and, excusing himself to Minerva, drew near the hall gaslight which was burning brightly. Tearing open the envelope, he hurriedly read the letter through. Before he had perused a dozen words his brow contracted and his cheeks reddened. When he had finished he crushed the sheet rudely into his pocket and re-entered the parlor.

"I must go, Minerva," he said, hurriedly. "Yet, it is certainly time that I should," he continued, with an attempt at a smile as he glanced toward the handsome clock. "Truth is, I am wanted at home."

"Who wants you, Clinton?" asked the girl, eying him keenly, for she had noted his every movement since the reception of the letter; and she had marked with some foreboding his evidently, perturbed manner.

"Why?" hesitatingly, "Dr. Ashe, darling. He wishes to see me on some business of importance, he says."

"I don't like Dr. Ashe!" said the girl, bluntly.

"You do not know him well enough, Minerva; he is a fine fellow, though somewhat whimsical. I dare say his business is to sit up with me until two o'clock in the morning and smoke my cigars."

"If that is all, Clinton, send him word that you are engaged, and that you will see him tomorrow," suggested the young lady.

Young Craig colored.

"No, Minerva," he answered, "I must go. Fred means *business*, or he would not have sent for me at this hour. I must say good-night, darling."

He leaned over her and pressed a warm, passionate kiss upon the willing lips that were held to his.

"Was ever man so accursed!" he muttered to himself a few moments afterward, as he was hurrying along the cold, wind-blown street.

But he did not go toward the office of Dr. Ashe. He crossed Broad street, and, reaching Spruce, hastened on. Fifteen minutes afterward he entered his adopted father's residence, just as the bell on Independence Hall pealed out the hour of midnight.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABROAD ON THE RIVER.

ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon of this same day the figure of a tall man suddenly emerged from the shadow of Girard avenue bridge and stood for a moment in the sunshine. He glanced hastily around him and peered up, guardedly, at the embankment and the bridge. No one was in sight: a rumbling country-wagon, going along the frozen road had just passed over the river. The wind was blowing too raw and bitter this cold December afternoon for pleasure-seekers to be abroad. However inviting and enticing the scenery when the "warm south" was sweeping over the land it was far different now when grim winter held his court, sent forth his blinding snows and trooping winds, and froze the running rills and babbling brooks.

The man cautiously climbed the rugged hill by the bridge. Then he paused and peered once again around him. Still no one was in sight. Hastily descending to his former position, he approached the edge of the stream, and drew a coil of cord from his pocket. To the end of the line was attached a heavy leaden weight. Glancing about him for the last time, he swung the weighted cord over his head and cast it out into the dark current.

"Not deep enough!" he muttered, in a vexed tone, as he drew in the line. "Yet this must and shall be the place; for it suits! I'll try again."

Whirling the lead once more around his head he let fly.

The line spun far out, and the weight fell with a peculiar *gluck* into the water.

Still he shook his head as for the third time he cast the line, and marked the depth of the water on the soggy cord. At last he succeeded in throwing the lead nearly to the first pier, the line running rapidly through his hands until the bottom was reached. He had found deep water.

A grim smile of satisfaction spread over the man's face, as noting the spot with his eye, by the distance from the shore, from the pier, and by a particular line with the bridge above, he slowly coiled in the cord.

"I've found the place!" he ejaculated, hauling in the slack. "It will do. But, by Jove! so soon!" he muttered, in an anxious tone, as drawing the string through his fingers, half-formed ice fell at his feet. "The river is freezing! It will be frozen hard before day. Will that be good or bad for me? But I must hurry; we must meet him. The sun will soon be down, and—yes; it will be almost dark by five o'clock. Glorious!" he continued, in an excited voice, as turning away from the river he hurried on toward the old house—Bloody Moll's—which we have before mentioned. "I've stern work on hand to-night; ay! and so has—my friend!"

In ten minutes, having crept successfully around the jutting cliff—no meanfeat—he cautiously drew near the house. The door was shut, and, with one exception, the windows were closed. But the fellow rapped boldly. No response. Again he knocked. Again, no response. The man cast an anxious gaze toward the fast setting sun.

A coarse face, one evidently disguised with daubs of paint and false beard, was that upon which the slanting sunbeams fell. It was a face, however, keenly alive to passing events, as the roving black eyes, flashing around, indicated.

With a muttered curse, he kicked the door heavily. In answer to this imperative summons the bolt suddenly turned and Mother Moll peered out.

"Ah!" she muttered, in a low, satisfied tone, "So it is you, my dear—"

"'Sh! 'sh! Moll; no names! I am on business; and—why, of course, you don't know me, never laid eyes on me before—eh?"

"Of course, my friend; you and your business are mine. Come in; the wind is cold and piercing."

The man hesitated.

"'Sh! 'sh! Moll," he answered. "Time is precious; I've none of it to spare. But have you any company?"

"No, I have had but one visitor to-day. He has gone out for *prog*—Black Ben."

As she spoke she eyed the fellow closely.

"That person visibly started; but quickly recovering himself he said:

"Black Ben is not to be trusted, Moll; he is given to tricks and treachery."

"Ah! Strange! He says the same of others!" was the woman's reply. "But," she continued, as getting impatient and anxious to terminate this conference in the cold air, "how can I serve you?"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

"The skiff? Why the river is freezing now, and—"

THE VIOLINIST.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

He set himself an old dilapidated violin.
That had more noise than twenty men
Could possibly take in.
Twas full of everything save tunes—
Of squeals and ghostly wails,
Harmonious as a drove of pigs
Stuck fast between the rails.
He tuned it with a monkey wrench,
And when the strings would snap
He always had some new ones on—
Indeed did this here chap.
He'd grease the strings and soap the bow,
Roll up his sleeves, and then—
Torment that awful violin
Like six or seven men!

He'd roll his eyes aloft to heaven
And draw his face all wrong,
And all the time a sentient soul
Flashed into that fiddle string.
He mashed the little notes with the big,
And how the little ones shrieked!
The rests were very loud in tone,
And the very bars they screaked.

The fiddle screamed both night and day,
For it was a fiddle not to be.
The sun by day the stars by night
For pity ceased to go.
The crashing of the elements,
The people's groans of woe,
All failed to have effect upon
That demon of the bow.

The tones like streaks of lightning shot
Through all the frames of art,
And the fiddle shrieked it rushed about
With desperate intent.
So terrible did it become
That people in despair
Attempted to cut off their ears—
They had no business there!

For when we stood it all,
And then by popular vote
We chose and that violin
We cracked it down his throat.

We hung him up; the jury said
It was an awful fate,
But that by strict chronology
It was seven weeks too late.

Yankee Boys in Ceylon.

THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK.
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROD AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

IV.—THE COBRA AND SERPENT CHARMER.

The day's sport had been glorious, sufficiently seasoned with danger to make it interesting. The poor people of the vicinity looked upon the hunters as their benefactors, and agreed to preserve the heads of two of the largest boars to add to the collection which the boys were making. They went back to the village, minus one horse—Will boasting in his gay way of the manifest advantage of a high rock over a horse.

"In the first place," he said, "a rock can't throw you out of the saddle, and a horse can't. In the second, a wild boar may file his tusks against a rock until he gets tired of the sport, and the rock won't give in; but a horse is not near so tough. I have almost decided to discard horses in future."

"All right," said Richard, as he plodded along on foot, and suiting action to word he pulled Will out of the saddle. "I'll ride this horse to the village. I rather like horses myself; and as you are so set against them you ought not to ride one."

He bounded into the saddle and rode away, keeping out of the reach of the boy, who felt that the tables were turned upon him in a far from pleasant manner.

"Oh, say, Dick," he shouted, "this is more than a joke."

"Oh, no, Will; don't you fret, for I will ride to the village and tell them that you are on the way."

And in spite of the protestations of that practical joker, Will, he kept the horse, and Will had to foot it to the village or take some other means of locomotion. Presently he was seen in conference with the head man, and at a rapid order given by the chief some of the coolies sprang into the thicket of bamboos, and Will sat down on a rock to wait for them. In a few moments these coolies joined the party on a trot, with a hastily-constructed bamboo frame upon their shoulders, upon which Will sat in stately pride with his arms folded on his bosom. He was bound to ride to the village after all.

"What do you say to my team, Dick?" he shouted. "I've got a four-in-hand, you see. That is more than you can say for that bag of bones under you. He is a regular old skeleton, that horse, and I wouldn't change with you for any consideration."

He stretched himself at full length upon the bamboos, and, spreading a handkerchief over his face, enjoyed the ride hugely. His weight was nothing to the coolies, accustomed to carry great burdens for a long distance. They had gone nearly two miles, when a man was seen to cross the path in front, at a rapid pace.

"Who is that, Pete?" demanded Sawyer.

"It is he, Abenhu."

"Shall I call him?"

"Yes; he will give the boys some sport. Besides, I would give anything if he would go with us to Kandy."

Modo uttered a peculiar cry, at which the man halted and came toward them. He was a tall, gaunt, wiry fellow—a genuine Hindoo from the north, a man of gigantic strength, with a face so sad that the boys were in sympathy with him at once.

He wore a white calico tunic, open at the breast, leaving his massive bosom exposed. His sandals were dusty and torn, and the knotted handkerchief about his forehead was stained with blood. At his back he carried a small oblong box, and in one hand a kind of flute, rudely formed from a small joint of bamboo.

"Abenhu," cried Sawyer, bending in the saddle to salute him, "I am glad to see you again."

"Abenhu has not looked on the face of the Captain Sahib for seven years," replied the man, with a low how. "What good wind has blown his ship again into the land of the Cingalese?"

"I have come out with these young men to hunt the tiger and elephant. Will you go with us again?"

"Abenhu promised that if the Captain Sahib came back he would again be his servant."

"That is all right. Have you got any snakes now?"

"Two," answered Abenhu.

"This is the best snake-charmer in Ceylon," explained Sawyer, turning to the young men; "and as for juggling, he can do things that will make your hair stand on end. Show us the snakes, Abenhu."

The man set the box upon the earth, and opening a small slide, thrust in his hand. There was a slight commotion in the box, and he with-

drew his hand, holding by the neck one of the largest of the venomous serpents of India as well as the most deadly—the cobra di capello, or hooded snake—a huge creature, over four feet long, its beautiful mottled body sparkling in the rays of the sun as it coiled about his wrist and arm. The expanded hood, marked with a figure in the shape of a pair of spectacles; the thick body, with its beautiful markings, and the scintillating eyes proved it to be of that dreaded family. Yet the snake-charmer did not appear to fear it in the least, allowing it to coil about his neck and arm, and holding the head close to his face, teasing it in every possible way. Yet the snake made no attempt to bite him and they began to suspect that the fangs had been extracted.

"The young men think that the serpent has no fangs, Abenhu," said Sawyer.

"So much do I think so that I will take the snake in my hand," said Richard, bending in the saddle to take the snake. The charmer moved away with a cry of alarm, and Sawyer caught the young man by the shoulders.

"If she is his daughter?" asked Richard, in a low tone.

"Yes," replied Sawyer. "Is she not beautiful? Search through all the world and you will not find a better or purer girl than Roma. You should hear her sing, and see her dance."

"We will see her dance when we get to the village."

"Not unless she is in the mood. Roma is modest and does not like to show off her accomplishment before the crowd."

"She is beautiful, that I am willing to allow," declared Richard. "Try your power on the girl when we get to camp."

For some reason the rough sailor had a great influence over the beautiful Hindoo girl; and so, when the lights were blazing, Roma sang the wild melodies of her native land in the voice of one inspired, and danced an enchanting figure to the music of her father's flute. That night the younger lads went to their blankets raving about the beautiful girl, but Richard threw cold water on their rhapsodies.

"I will bring me a bird," said the cobra.

One of the Cingalese, who carried on his shoulder a small pea-hen, which he had snared, approached the snake-charmer and held out the bird. Abenhu took it and held it before the serpent, thrusting it against his head and teasing him in every possible way, until the serpent threw back his head, revealing the long white fangs, and struck the fowl in the neck. Abenhu held the fowl for a moment, and then dropped it upon the earth. The bird made no attempt to escape, but remained seated upon the earth, uttering low, feeble cries of pain. Four minutes after she fell upon her side, fluttered a moment, and was dead.

"Do you doubt now?" asked Sawyer.

"Would you like to handle the snake?"

"Excuse me; I was a fool to doubt him, but I did not think that the man would dare to handle a really venomous snake so boldly."

"See here," said Ned, speaking to the charmer. "If that snake should bite you, would you really die?"

The man looked at him a moment in silence, and shook his head.

"Why?"

"Because I have the golden secret, known only to my race—the antidote for the venom of the cobra."

"Will you tell what it is?"

"It is a secret, handed down through my tribe for many centuries."

"And why not tell it for the common good of mankind?"

"I only know one people, and that people my own," replied the man. "If a serpent should bite you I would cure you, but I would do no more."

Holding the cobra in one hand the charmer drew out another with his left hand, and there stood, with those horrible creatures twining about him, a living symbol of power.

"That will do for the snakes, Abenhu. Now let us see some of your jugglery," said Sawyer. "But where is Roma? I don't see her anywhere."

Abenhu replaced the serpents in the box, and placing the flute to his lips began a low, soft, melodious strain. At the sound the bushes parted, and there came forth a beautiful girl, such a woman as the boys, unaccustomed to the East, had never seen. She was dressed in an Eastern costume, a rich tunic of satin, slashed with gold, and over this a blue jacket embroidered with silver braid. She wore Turkish trousers of yellow silk, and her feet were covered by dainty slippers, which could not conceal the beauty of her little feet. A scarf was wrapped about her head in the shape of a turban, fastened in front by a blazing jewel—a black diamond.

Her face was "brown but comely," her features of the Oriental style, with great, broad, almond-shaped eyes and small, delicate mouth.

Her hands were small, and loaded with rings of rare price. She approached with a free, careless step, and bent before Abenhu as before a master.

"You have come at my call, Roma," he said.

"These men from the West would witness our skill. Shall it be?"

"I am ready, my father," she responded; "what you tell me that I will perform."

He took two small bamboo cylinders from her hand, and planted them upon the earth.

Then, lifting her in his arms as if she had not weighed a feather's weight, he placed her so that one elbow rested upon one of the bamboo tubes and her foot upon another. Then he passed from one to another, tapping upon them softly with a small stick, and to the wonder of the young men the cylinders began to increase in length, rising higher and higher, until they had literally carried the girl up to the height of fifteen feet from the earth. Then, striking one of the bamboos heavily, it began to recede, leaving Roma calmly reclining on her elbow, far above them. Then the bamboo began to move upon the point of the bamboo. Then the charmer made another sign, and she came floating down from above, slowly as a bird sinks, and alighted upon the earth close beside them, while the bamboo fell to the earth, apparently no larger than it was before.

"Wonderful!" cried Will. "How do you explain that, now?"

"I don't attempt to explain it," replied Sawyer.

"The tricks which Abenhu does are only tricks, it is true, but I want to see any one else do them. Half the tricks which are performed by the 'jugglers' in America would be regarded as mere child's play by such men as Abenhu."

The charmer laughed, and raising his right hand called to Roma to cut it off! She took a large and sharp knife, and raising it above her head, the charmer extended his hand, she struck with all her force. The blood spouted from the severed wrist, and he held it up the blood running like a fountain.

"He has hurt himself," cried Ned, leaping from the saddle. "Help him, Dick; try and stop the bleeding."

Sawyer laughed as Roma caught at the severed hand, which lay upon the earth, replaced it on the bleeding wrist, and covered it with a white cloth. After holding it there a moment, she took away the cloth, and the charmer held up his hand, uninjured in any way.

"These are small things to do," said the Hindoo, bowing low before them. "If the sahib wish it I will cut off Roma's head before them and replace it again."

"No, no!" said Sawyer, hurriedly. "I have seen you do that trick once, and it is altogether too real. We have seen enough for the present, but, if you will follow us to the village, you shall go with us to the hunting-grounds of Kandy."

"Roma must go, too. Where I go she must go also."

"Of course," answered Sawyer. "That is understood."

"Is she his daughter?" asked Richard, in a low tone.

"Yes," replied Sawyer. "Is she not beautiful? Search through all the world and you will not find a better or purer girl than Roma. You should hear her sing, and see her dance."

"We will see her dance when we get to the village."

"Not unless she is in the mood. Roma is modest and does not like to show off her accomplishment before the crowd."

"She is beautiful, that I am willing to allow," declared Richard. "Try your power on the girl when we get to camp."

For some reason the rough sailor had a great influence over the beautiful Hindoo girl; and so, when the lights were blazing, Roma sang the wild melodies of her native land in the voice of one inspired, and danced an enchanting figure to the music of her father's flute. That night the younger lads went to their blankets raving about the beautiful girl, but Richard threw cold water on their rhapsodies.

"We will see her dance when we get to the village."

"Not unless she is in the mood. Roma is modest and does not like to show off her accomplishment before the crowd."

"She is beautiful, that I am willing to allow," declared Richard. "Try your power on the girl when we get to camp."

For some reason the rough sailor had a great influence over the beautiful Hindoo girl; and so, when the lights were blazing, Roma sang the wild melodies of her native land in the voice of one inspired, and danced an enchanting figure to the music of her father's flute. That night the younger lads went to their blankets raving about the beautiful girl, but Richard threw cold water on their rhapsodies.

"We will see her dance when we get to the village."

"Not unless she is in the mood. Roma is modest and does not like to show off her accomplishment before the crowd."

"She is beautiful, that I am willing to allow," declared Richard. "Try your power on the girl when we get to camp."

For some reason the rough sailor had a great influence over the beautiful Hindoo girl; and so, when the lights were blazing, Roma sang the wild melodies of her native land in the voice of one inspired, and danced an enchanting figure to the music of her father's flute. That night the younger lads went to their blankets raving about the beautiful girl, but Richard threw cold water on their rhapsodies.

"We will see her dance when we get to the village."

"Not unless she is in the mood. Roma is modest and does not like to show off her accomplishment before the crowd."

"She is beautiful, that I am willing to allow," declared Richard. "Try your power on the girl when we get to camp."

For some reason the rough sailor had a great influence over the beautiful Hindoo girl; and so, when the lights were blazing, Roma sang the wild melodies of her native land in the voice of one inspired, and danced an enchanting figure to the music of her father's flute. That night the younger lads went to their blankets raving about the beautiful girl, but Richard threw cold water on their rhapsodies.

"We will see her dance when we get to the village."

"Not unless she is in the mood. Roma is modest and does not like to show off her accomplishment before the crowd."

"She is beautiful, that I am willing to allow," declared Richard. "Try your power on the girl when we get to camp."

For some reason the rough sailor had a great influence over the beautiful Hindoo girl; and so, when the lights were blazing, Roma sang the wild melodies of her native land in the voice of one inspired, and danced an enchanting figure to the music of her father's flute. That night the younger lads went to their blankets raving about the beautiful girl, but Richard threw cold water on their rhapsodies.

"We will see her dance when we get to the village."

"Not unless she is in the mood. Roma is modest and does not like to show off her accomplishment before the crowd."

"She is beautiful, that I am willing to allow," declared Richard. "Try your power on the girl when we get to camp."

For some reason the rough sailor had a great influence over the beautiful Hindoo girl; and so, when the lights were blazing, Roma sang the wild melodies of her native land in the voice of one inspired, and danced an enchanting figure to the music of her father's flute. That night the younger lads went to their blankets raving about the beautiful girl, but Richard threw cold water on their rhapsodies.

"We will see her dance when we get to the village."

"Not unless she is in the mood. Roma is modest and does not like to show off her accomplishment before the crowd."

"She is beautiful, that I am willing to allow," declared Richard. "Try your power on the girl when we get to camp."

For some reason the rough sailor had a great influence over the beautiful Hindoo girl; and so, when the lights were blazing, Roma sang the wild melodies of her native land in the voice of one inspired, and danced an enchanting figure to the music of her father's flute. That night the younger lads went to their blankets raving about the beautiful girl, but Richard threw cold water on their rhapsodies.

"We will see her dance when we get to the village."

"Not